

# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 31 – Number 6

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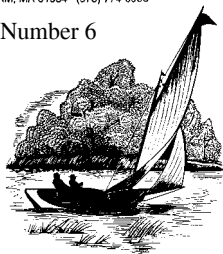
**Special Features This Issue**  
No Money to Wall Street  
Ice Out on Moosehead Lake  
6th Annual Texas 200 – The Talisman  
Row a Canoe – Renegade



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

As I was wrapping up this issue the end of August I received word that famed multihull designer Dick Newick had died at his home in northern California. Dick and Pat had moved there from their previous home in Maine to be near their daughter and grandchildren. They had been engaged in the process of moving to New Zealand. Dick was 86. He lived a long and independent life in boats, from youthful adventuring across Europe in a kayak, then sailing across the Atlantic from Europe and settling in the West Indies where he built his first trimaran and went into the charter trade. He later moved to Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, and then to southern Maine as his multihull designs developed into world renowned craft of superb grace and beauty and outstanding performance.

I got to know Dick during his time in Maine when he signed on with us as a subscriber, our little magazine striking a chord with him of sorts it seems. Dick went on to contribute a dozen articles to our pages in 1995 and 1996, ranging from his chronicle of a 1950s summer spent "Water Wandering in the Low Countries" (a 600-mile trip through Europe's canals in an 18' sailing kayak of his own design/build) to the following discussion of his enthusiasm for small trimarans, this despite his already worldwide fame for his large oceangoing multihulls.

### About Small Trimarans

By Dick Newick

"Very little attention has been paid to small trimarans in the boating press because few exist. One reason that more don't is the remarkable inertia of average sailors, inert. They are just starting to get the lead out, to realize that they can sail fast in small boats without hanging way out over the rail on trapeze wires (a trapeze is something we used to see only in circuses).

Small trimarans offer the performance that the trapeze artists now get on both monohulls and catamarans but with the crew in relative comfort and safety on the boat. They have much better light weather performance and maneuverability than small catamarans. But still, small trimarans just haven't caught on. Inertia.

The MBA market research teams haven't uncovered a hidden demand. How could they? It doesn't exist, because very few sailors can even imagine the potential combination of performance and comfort of a small trimaran. I have been showing drawings and a model of a small trimaran to industry "leaders" for the past two years. Some of my ideas

are now being introduced to the market, but not with my name on them, and not with three hulls. But Hobie, Sunfish and Wind-surfer all took a long time to catch on, too."

At the time I was running a series on multihulls as I had been caught up in them mainly inspired from Dick's enthusiasm. This was 17 years ago now and sadly I never did follow through with either building or buying a small trimaran. I did have a chance to sail in one with Dick. At the time he was offering one of his tris for sale as a broker for its owner. As I recall it was 40' *Ocean Surfer* (which placed second in class in the 1988 Ostar Race). *Ocean Surfer* had since been converted for cruising.

We reached out of Kittery Point, Maine, in a nice southwest sailing breeze and the speed was indeed revelatory. Dick was trimming the sails and a couple of us along for the ride got to "steer" the boat. One of Dick's well known quotes was, "People sail for fun and no one has yet convinced me that it's more fun to go slow than it is to go fast." As we returned we encountered a local monohull, racing fleet, rails down, beating out from Portsmouth Harbor. As we reached by them Dick kinda looked over at them and said, "I suppose it would be too obvious if we did a 180 here and blew back by the lot!" He decided to not spoil their fun.

The December/January 2010 issue of *Professional Boatbuilder* featured a cover story by Steve Callahan on Dick's work, entitled "Intuitive Dynamics." The subtitle went on to state, "The venerable Dick Newick (at the time 83—Ed), a pioneer in sailing multihulls, continues to deliver designs whose simplicity and grace, even at rest, are evocative of seabirds. His fast, safe, ocean proven multihulls can truly be said to have been ahead of their time. If you'd like to learn more about Dick Newick go to the author's ProBoat Articles Page, <http://www.stevencallahan.net/proboat.html> and click on Dick Newick.

During my period of multihull fascination Dick accepted my invitation to speak to our local Traditional Small Craft Club at the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts. Our meeting room was packed with lovers of traditional small craft and Dick opened his remarks by telling us all that he felt quite at home amongst us as the multihulls he espoused were the traditional small craft of the south Pacific a thousand years before the Europeans even thought of such a thing.

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## On the Cover...

"...and my ship is so small!" was the thought going through Joe Auciello's mind as he headed out of Rockland, Maine's harbor in his 19' gunning dory *Giuseppe* (at right in the cover photo) to sail and row down the New England coast on his "No Money to Wall Street" adventure in July. Joe shares his log of his journey in this issue.

## From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman  
Constantwaterman.com

Here I am again at Point Judith Pond, my home away from West Cove, swinging on my brand new, 20lb Hydrobubble anchor that arrived just the day before yesterday. I snuck *MoonWind* into a slip afternoon before last to work on her and provision her before departing for Narragansett Bay. Pulled out the holding tank and scrubbed both it and the fo'c's'le. There's been a tiny leak from the waste pump, despite my rebuilding it, that's resulted in anything but a tiny odor. Neither changing diapers nor messing with boats allows for squeamishness.

I then installed two new dome lights; one of them over the galley. This now precludes my being quite so careless preparing what I eat, but my stomach has yet to thank me. Perhaps the thank you card got lost in the mail. There's a bit of that going around these days. I also rigged my new anchor and adjusted the chain stopper. Filled my water tank and hosed down the deck. Stowed enough food and clothing for my coming week away, and generally squared away everything so thoroughly that I'm hard pressed to find a rounded corner anywhere.

By the following morning all was done and I set sail toward the east. The tide would be against me all afternoon, but what of that? A ten-knot southern breeze on my beam kept me full and by at 4 knots notwithstanding, and the 3' swells sufficed to keep me awake. As the sun reclined, I blew into the Harbor of Refuge at Point Judith, hove to, and dropped my main. I started my motor, and with the wind dead astern, let my headsail help pull me up the channel to this anchorage. Two motor cruisers are anchored here, my only neighbors. This anchorage could accommodate a half a hundred boats of a fathom's draft. The south wind came straight up the pond the entire night and swung me to and fro, but with an 8:1 scope, I didn't bounce a bit.

Now it is overcast. The sun keeps shoving the clouds aside, but they, in turn, shove back. 10-15 knots, says NOAA, sometimes gusting to 20. Later today, sometimes gusting to 30. As soon as I have my breakfast, I should weigh anchor. I hope to be secure in Greenwich Harbor by mid-afternoon. Captain Mac will be there on his Uniflight 42 this weekend. I haven't seen him for 6 months and I've brought my book to show him. Hopefully I can raft alongside as he's parked at the end of his pier.

Left Point Judith Pond bright and early at 10 o'clock. Perhaps neither early nor bright. Anchor chain was muddy and hadn't time to clean it, so piled it on the foredeck. On my way out past the breakwater, I met two men in a skiff. "Rough out there!" hollered one of them.

I nodded vigorously twice to let him know I understood. But Harbor of Refuge wasn't all that lumpy. I hoisted my smaller jib and single reefed main and headed for the breachway in the sea wall. I sluiced off my chain and stowed it while *MoonWind* sailed herself. Outside I encountered the usual surge and 4' chop and lack of consideration of the sea, but nothing to become alarmed about. I bucked out past the big red bell and fell off to round Point Judith. By the time I passed the occulting light in the lighthouse on the point, the sea had subsided.

Narragansett Bay has three mouths. The westerly lies between the town of Narragansett, on the mainland, and Jamestown, on Conanicut Island. The second mouth parts Conanicut from Aquidnick: that island most famous for housing the town of Newport. To the east runs the Sakonnet River, then the mainland again. The first town encountered is Little Compton. Beyond, to the east, spread the wilds of Massachusetts. People aver that it's safe to travel there, but I don't know. I drove as far as New Bedford once and their streets were all one way. Their harbor was populated by large wet fish in heaps aboard large wet boats. Their creamy chowdah had not only quahogs but cod and scallops in it. It wasn't proper chowdah at all. The restaurant was so stingy I had to pay for additional servings.

I headed for the lighthouse on Beavertail, the tip of Conanicut Island and cut between it and the rocks off Narragansett. Upon these rocks stands the ruin of an old stone lighthouse, Whale Rock Light, carried away with its keeper in the '38 hurricane. I headed up, dropped my mainsail, and wafted up the bay with my genoa billowed nobly by the breeze. I had all afternoon to make 20 miles, and I settled back in my cockpit on my Lazy-Boy recliner with my lunch.



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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...



### 31st Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival

On October 5 and 6, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland, hosts the 31st Annual Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival. Sailing skiffs, rowing shells, kayaks, canoes, paddle boats, prams and one of a kind boats will be on display and in the water throughout this family oriented event. Boat owners hailing from all over the country will also be available to share their knowledge and boating experiences with visitors.

Museum boatyard staff and Chesapeake Wooden Boat Builders School instructors will be on hand on Saturday to offer boat building workshops and maritime demonstrations. Beginning at 1pm, a lively Miles River race of small craft can be watched from the museum's waterfront and docks. Festival-goers can also vote for their favorite boat, with the People's Choice award and others announced Saturday evening among participants.

For more information, visit [www.cbmm.org/mascf](http://www.cbmm.org/mascf) or call (410) 745-2916.



### 4th Sail Oklahoma Boating Festival!

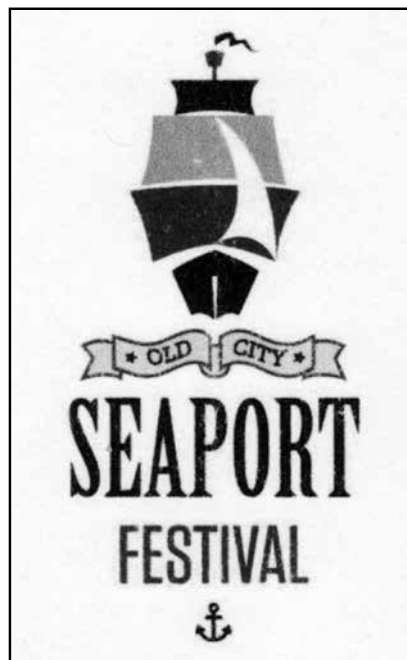
Sail Oklahoma 2013 takes place October 10-14 this year in Mike and Jackie Monie's backyard and on the private beach at their lakeside subdivision in Lake Eufaula, Oklahoma. We will have our usual four days of sailing, free classes, races and frivolity.

Jim Michalak and Dave Gentry are returning as guest designers for 2013. Jim will teach you how to design your own boat. Dave will teach skin on frame construction

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and water safety, as well as conducting a three day sailing class, including on the water classes and classroom instruction. Students are asked to bring boats if possible. Chuck Leinweber of Duckworks will be teaching the building of a birdsmouth mast.

For further information go to <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/SailOklahoma/>



### 2013 Old City Seaport Festival

The Independence Seaport Museum in Philadelphia will host its annual Old City Seaport Festival on October 11, 12 and 13, over Columbus Day weekend, bringing tall ships, antique and classic boats, traditional small craft, model ships and on the water family fun to the Port of Philadelphia. There are seven confirmed tall ships that will provide deck and river tours. Also in attendance will be small craft from the TSCA Delaware River Chapter as well as classic boats from the Antique and Classic Boat Society Philadelphia Chapter. The Seaport Museum is excited to partner with the TSCA Delaware River Chapter to manage the small boat races in the basin on Saturday and Sunday.



### OysterFest and Relaunch of the Skipjack *Rosie Parks*

On November 2 the Chesapeake's oyster will be celebrated at the Chesapeake

Bay Maritime Museum's OysterFest in St Michaels, Maryland. The event features live music, oysters and other local fare, children's activities, boat rides, oyster demonstrations, harvesting displays, retriever demonstrations, cooking demonstrations, documentary films and an oyster stew competition among regional chefs.

The festival also offers a chance to celebrate the relaunch of the skipjack *Rosie Parks*, a sailing workboat that once dredged the Chesapeake Bay for oysters, after a three year restoration at the museum. The launch will take place at 4pm, when high tide arrives at the museum's marine railway. Descendants of the skipjack's builder and captain will be on hand to christen the 1955 skipjack, with festival goers invited to witness history in the making as the iconic vessel launches down the railway and splashes into the Miles River.

Visit [www.cbmm.org/oysterfest](http://www.cbmm.org/oysterfest) or call (410) 745-2916 for more information.

## Adventures & Experiences...



### Welcome at the Tiki Hut Dock

As far as I can tell I'm the only river-front guy who welcomes any and all boaters to his dock. We usually migrate down there from the Tiki Hut about 6pm when the sun's down low and the river is pretty. I suppose it helps to have a dock that looks like the Bahamas, which automatically looks welcoming. We love to wave people in boats over for a drink and chat. How else do you get to know your fellow river rat neighbors? That may be it, most people who can afford to live on the water would be appalled to be called river rats. There are hundreds of big fancy houses along these rivers and we never see anyone out enjoying the day.

Dave Lucas, Bradenton FL

## Corrections...

Thanks for sending on your August issue to me so promptly. You filled a necessary gap in the first sentence of my report on the Rings Island Rowing Club in the August issue identifying its location as Newburyport but Rings Island is in Salisbury. Please note correction in September issue.

Pike Messenger, Middleton MA



## Information of Interest...

### Download Dinghy Cruising Direct

We now have a free sample copy of our Dinghy Cruising Association journal, *Dinghy Cruising*, on our website that can be downloaded by anyone as a pdf. As it's a different issue to those I send to interested MAIB readers, so you may like to draw their attention to this in your pages at some point, they'll get a second bite of the cherry if they want. It's here: <http://groupsaces.com/dca/pages/journal>

Keith Muscott, DCA, United Kingdom

### Beware Those Digital Charts

The National Geospatial Intelligence Agency misplaced a reef in the Philippine Islands by eight miles on its digital nautical charts, which caused the *USS Guardian* to run aground January 17, destroying the ship. It was reported that the digital nautical chart display of the Tubbataha Reef in the Sulu Sea was wrong due to erroneous commercial satellite imagery. That error was compounded by "exclusive reliance" of the *USS Guardian* crew on GPS as a "single source of navigation." The crew did not pay heed to lighthouses on the reef, according to a 160-page post wreck investigation report.

The Navy report said the grounding and destruction of the minesweeper also highlighted "potential systemic issues" on ships that use the Navy's computer based vessel management system and its electronic chart and display system. The vessel management system is supposed to issue audible alerts of potential dangers, but as the *Guardian* neared the Tubbataha Reef before grounding, the Navy report said watchstanders on the bridge and in the combat information center did not report any alarms. As the ship neared the reef, personnel on the bridge reported flashes from a lighthouse but those were ignored as the crew continued to rely on the electronic charts and GPS.

The investigation blamed the grounding primarily on the crew's failure to reconcile the differences between digital nautical charts of the area and more refined coastal charts. The crew also failed to verify the position of the reef using a list of lighthouses.

The grounding broke the ship's keel (minesweepers are built of wood to keep from activating mines) when rocks on the reef punched holes in its hull. The crew abandoned ship with no loss of life.

Bob Brewin, "What's Brewin" blog

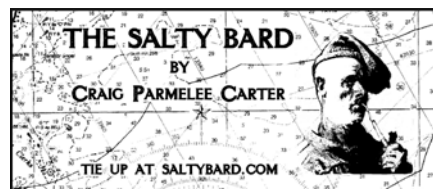
### The Lost Art of Finding Our Way

I noted in the August 9 issue of *Science* a nice review by Deirdre Lockwood of *The Lost Art of Finding Our Way* by John Edward Huth (Harvard University Press, Cambridge MA, 2013, 538 pages, \$35, ISBN9780674072824). Harvard physicist Huth, the reviewer says, had small craft experiences which "prompted him to delve into the science and history of human navigation without the aid of our current embarrassment of satellites." Perhaps you could get a review copy and/or have a true navigator of the shallow seas review it for you. (*My library is obtaining a copy for us—Ed*)

The reviewer notes that, "While reading *The Lost Art...* I found myself noticing the prevailing winds and watching the skies to predict the advancing weather. These things tend to drop away from us in our 'bubble,' as Huth calls it, whether it is the familiar grid system of a city or the compass of a smartphone in our pockets. As he stresses, to acquire the skills of wayfinding we absolutely must leave the bubble and look at the stars, the clouds, and the sun."

For those who want to take that journey, he provides an excellent start.

John Stratton, Old Lyme, CT



### Cruiser Haiku

Bluewater sailboat  
Full keel heavy displacement  
One restless skipper

Fisherman anchor  
Three-hundred feet of chain  
Hope the windlass works

Varnishing brightwork  
Brings compliments at the dock  
Ages fast at sea

Triple reefed mainsail  
All lines led aft to cockpit  
Become spaghetti

Batteries in flux  
Solar panel offsets loads  
It's all about amps

Sea water foot pump  
Watermaker too costly  
Muscles ache from jugs

GPS plotters  
Redundant navigation  
Could fly to the moon

Lee cloths on the bunks  
Instruments emit red glow  
Four on and four off

Grids by SSB  
North Atlantic pilot charts  
Red sky at morning

Prep for breaking seas  
Heave to with para-anchor  
Dinty Moore beef stew

Worst case scenario  
Liferaft and ditch bag ready  
Remember EPIRB

Only a day sail  
But ready for anywhere  
Sunday afternoon

## Information Wanted...

### Who Was That Sea Pearl Sailor?

While up on Lake Michigan (Michigan City, Indiana, to be exact) on August 4, working with the Coast Guard Auxiliary patrolling the race course boundary at the Michigan City Grand Prix Superboat race, I saw what looked to be a Sea Pearl Tri or Tri Sport go sailing by, back behind the anchored boats. I have never seen a Sea Pearl of any description on Lake Michigan but, of course, was unable to hail them as I was fully occupied at the time. I was wondering if that sailor might be one of our MAIB readers? If so, I was wondering if you might want to make contact with another midwestern small boat sailor? If so, contact me at [johnc111@hotmail.com](mailto:johnc111@hotmail.com). My home port is Peru, Indiana.

John Nystrom, Peru, IN

## Appreciation for Hugh Ware

### We Remain Heartbroken

We remain heartbroken over the loss of "Beyond the Horizon" and all that entails.

Kate Scannell, Seal Rock, OR



# The Boys in the Boat

By Daniel James Brown  
Viking, New York, 2013  
Reviewed by John Nystrom

The book's subtitle is *Nine Americans and Their Epic Quest for Gold at the 1936 Berlin Olympics*. One of the hyperventilating blurbs on the back cover claims it is "*Chariots of Fire* with oars." I beg to differ. I am a big fan of Eric Liddell and this story is better than *Chariots of Fire* (truth in reviewing moment, *Chariots of Fire* doesn't even cover the most interesting parts of Liddell's life). I understand that the movie rights to *The Boys in the Boat* have been sold so it waits to be seen if a resulting movie can better one of the best sports movies ever made. But the movie that may result is neither here nor there, THIS story is an even better story and Brown has written a great nonfiction book.

The book follows the campaign of the underfunded University of Washington's eight-oared crew to become part of the 1936 US Olympic team and compete at the Berlin Olympics. The device used to tell the story is through the lives of the participants. The nine boys (eight oars and a coxswain) are all unlikely candidates for a sport of the elite, mostly working class and rural, but none more so than the focus of much of the book, Joe Rantz. Even before the Great Depression impoverished much of the country, Joe Rantz suffered from the early death of his mother, abandonment by his struggling family at age 15, literally poaching salmon to survive and crushing poverty.

In spite of that, Joe manages to survive and graduate high school. He struggles to work and save enough to start UW but to stay in school he has to earn his way onto the rowing team, a sport he has never even seen before being plucked out of a gym by a coach. And this isn't for a scholarship (nothing like that for rowing in those days), it is for the opportunity to have a part time campus job if he make freshman boat! The story of Joe and the other boys is as illustrative a story of the Depression as can be found.

The list of characters also includes the small coaching staff at UW and Washington's not quite secret weapon, English immigrant George Yeoman Pocock. Pocock was not only a great rower and coach, but the innovative builder of legendary wooden racing shells. George Pocock forms the other major story telling device, along with Joe Rantz, and quotes from the great boat builder and "rowing philosopher" form a prose epigram that opens each chapter.

I don't want to put in too many spoilers (though why should I be so concerned, since you can Google the history), but the story of the Olympic finals, coming just shortly after Jessie Owens and his teammates have embarrassed the heroes of the Reich, is a classic. Rowing was very big in the 1920s and 1930s, with crowds that were second only to track and field at the Olympic Games. In spite of outright reversal of the rules, that placed the German and Italian shells, with professional in all but name crews, into the most sheltered and advantageous lanes while placing their most potent challengers, the British and US/University of Washington shells into the most handicapped lanes facing a vicious headwind, the race is... Well, you'll have to read the book.



## Book Reviews

It is a happy accident or providence that Daniel James Brown came to write this book. His choice of descriptors makes me suspect he knew little about boats or rowing before he met Joe Rantz at the end of Joe's life. Joe's daughter lived next door to Brown and Brown seemed to be looking for a project after finishing his second nonfiction book. Brown learned his subject well, in my opinion, and conveys the story in an emotional and satisfying manner. It is no dry recounting of history. Though footnoted and properly researched, those footnotes are mercifully placed at the end of the book and not referenced in the text. It is well crafted storytelling.

This is a book that strikes me as likely to win an award somewhere once it's been out there a year or so. Brown's first two books were well regarded by critics (though neither is nautical) so who knows? I may row my Puddle Duck Racer well enough but I have little knowledge of the rarified world of competitive rowing. How about a review by a *MAIB* reader who knows that corner of the rowing world? Otherwise, this one is two thumbs up, great read and even got my local library to buy it for general circulation and we are in the landlocked Midwest here.

### The Log from the Sea of Cortez

By John Steinbeck  
Reviewed by John Nystrom

The history and genesis of this book is a convoluted mess and the reviewers, while not usually unfavorable, do note the "uneven" writing given the Pulitzer and Nobel Prize winning author. The readers of *MAIB*, while usually are all critics at one level or another, also know that you have to ignore critics if you want to get anywhere. So, here goes...

In 1940 John Steinbeck and his best friend, Ed Ricketts, marine biologist and impresario of Pacific Biological Laboratory, a business selling specimens and prepared biological slides to colleges and high schools (I used some of those very slides in marine biology classes in high school, we were just north of Monterey), chartered a sardine seiner after the fishing season closed in Monterey Bay and went on a collecting expedition to the Gulf of California, also called the Sea of Cortez. For four weeks in the Gulf they were able to collect marine biology specimens at low tide from tide pools throughout the Gulf of California.

The area was relatively unstudied and as yet undiscovered by tourists. Ricketts and Steinbeck, in fact, comment on what may be the first tourist hotel being built in La Paz,

"On the water's edge of La Paz a new hotel was going up and it looked very expensive. Probably the airplanes will bring weekenders from Los Angeles before long and the beautiful poor bedraggled old town will bloom with a Floridian ugliness." (p98)

Ricketts kept a log of the trip in addition to his collection notes and drawings. Steinbeck later edited the logbook into a narrative. The book that resulted, *Sea of Cortez*, which listed both Steinbeck's and Ricketts' co-authors (over the objections of the publisher) was part travelogue, part collection notes and ecology and part metaphysics.

The original reviewers and critics were not unkind to the book, though it could jump from one genre to another without easy transition (I get the feeling this may have been the style of Steinbeck's and Ricketts' conversations) but the book sales suffered from the fact of its timing. The book was released the week of December 7, 1941, America had other things on its mind.

Though Steinbeck moved to New York and their wartime activities took them to opposite sides of the globe, the two friends stayed in touch. They were planning a joint collection trip to British Columbia and Alaska in 1948 when Ed Ricketts was killed in an accident the week before their departure. In 1951 the book was reissued as *The Log from the Sea of Cortez* with only Steinbeck listed as author and with the 300 pages of Ricketts' collection notes and drawings left out. Steinbeck included an appendix titled "About Ed Ricketts."

By this time Ricketts had some notoriety as the model for the character "Doc" in Steinbeck's novel *Cannery Row*. Ricketts has later been recognized as appearing in several of Steinbeck's works. The edition I read was published by Penguin in 1995 and includes an introduction by Richard Astro, a noted Steinbeck scholar. The narrative is now recognized as Steinbeck's most significant non fiction work.

I grew up on the Monterey Bay and saw Cannery Row when it was an industrial wasteland, before gentrification (the word didn't exist then, as far as I know) turned the empty canneries into a tourist Mecca (they seemed to burn down regularly back then). The tide pools that Ricketts and Steinbeck frequented were where students were dragged to for biology field trips and classes and not recognized for the magical places they are. The Gulf of California has no doubt changed enormously in the more than 70 years that have passed.

I just had to skip over the convoluted essay on Ricketts' philosophy of non teleological thinking that intruded on the description of Easter Day in La Paz (and I was an academic who was supposed to care deeply about that stuff). Some may object to the collision of travelogue with crew interactions and descriptions of what was collected and where, but this book makes clearer what Steinbeck was aiming for in much of his best fiction. This is a world that is gone but that can be reclaimed in these pages.

"Trying to remember the Gulf is like trying to recreate a dream. This is by no means a sentimental thing, it has little to do with beauty or even conscious liking. But the Gulf does draw one, and we have talked to rich men who own boats who can go where they will. Regularly they find themselves sucked into the Gulf. And since we have returned, there is always in the backs of our minds the positive drive to go back again. If it were lush

and rich, one could understand the pull, but it is fierce and hostile and sullen. The stone mountains pile up to the sky and there is little fresh water. But we know we must go back if we live, and we don't know why." (p105)

## Sea Folk

By Jim Wellman

Flanker Press

info@flankerpress.com

www.flankerpress.com

St John's, Newfoundland, 2013

Paperback

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\$11.99

Reviewed by John Nystrom

Jim Wellman grew up in maritime Canada, but instead of following the family into fishing and nautical pursuits, he went into journalism. He was host of CBC Radio's Fisheries Broadcast for some 15 years before switching to print, eventually becoming editor of *Navigator*, a magazine that covers Atlantic Canada's fishing and maritime industries. This is Wellman's sixth book, all of which cover commercial fishing, fishermen or lighthouse keepers of Canada's Atlantic shore.

*Sea Folk*, a collection of 23 short essays that appeared originally in *Navigator* magazine, briefly details the lives and livelihoods of several men and women who made their living in the fisheries, as well as their family members. Since fishing is often passed down from parent to child, several of the stories are generational as well. Commercial fishing is often characterized as the most dangerous of occupations, so tragedy and near misses occur in many of the stories. In a region of sparse population and small communities those tragedies are magnified.

I had the fortune (or misfortune) to read this book while recovering from a career changing injury. The tales that included loss of loved ones depressed me, but as I continued to read on (Bob was depending on me for a review) I found that the *Sea Folk's* positive attitudes and perseverance in the face of tragedy and loss took me past that feeling of loss. *Sea Folk* is a series of short reads and only some 200 pages all told. You may not want to recommend it to a friend after a personal tragedy (or maybe it will be just the proper medicine), but it is a far sight better picture of the lives of fishermen than the current crop of reality TV shows that are out there right now.

## Legends and Lore of Lake Ontario

By Susan Peterson Gateley

Published by History Press

Charlestown, SC 29403

Reviewed by Greg Grundtisch

I read Susan Peterson Gateley's latest offering with fascination, interest and, in some cases, amazement. What the author relates in this book of short stories are some

of the tales known to folks who live on and around the lake that most of us were unaware of until now. Even if you are one of those who think the Great Lakes are just big placid ponds, you will discover that it is far from an accurate understanding. In some ways the Lakes are much more dangerous to navigate than the ocean and have a few more things that go bump in the night to go along with it.

Who or what is the Maid of the Mist, Devil's Nose, Carcagne and the Iroquois Jyogweh? Just a few of the things you will find out about in these pages.

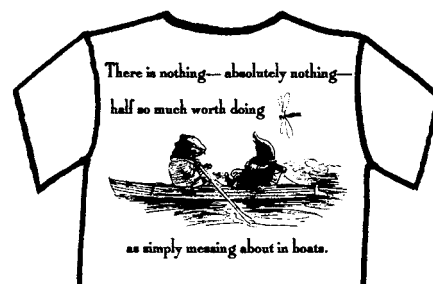
There are some mysterious shipwreck stories in here but there are also stories of ghosts and apparitions. Real ones! Monsters and mirages. Real ones! UFOs, smuggling, bootlegging, Indians as well as many others. Real ones! Well, they are real legendary and some are real. You can decide for yourself. Do you think there is a lake monster in Lake Ontario? Was there ever? Do you think ghosts and hauntings are real? Do apparitions really reveal themselves still to this very day? Some say yes without any hesitation.

I thoroughly enjoyed each and every story. None disappointed. Even if you don't have an interest in Lake Ontario or its history, you will enjoy these legends and lore. The stories are very good and the author has a way to tell them that will have you wanting to read the next one and next one.

Oftentimes legends are based in little known fact, history or reality and the background stories of how some of these tales become legendary are as interesting as the legends themselves. There are a surprising number of them on this one great lake alone. You will be quite entertained, informed and intrigued by these wonderful stories. If you like a good tale with some twists and turns, you can't go wrong with *Legends and Lore of Lake Ontario*.

This book is available from Amazon online or at [www.chimneybluff.com](http://www.chimneybluff.com), an artisan's co op, or [historypress.com](http://historypress.com), also available as an ebook. Check out her Lake Ontario Log at [www.silverwaters.com](http://www.silverwaters.com).

Check out some of her other books as well such as *Living on the Edge with Sara B*, *Twinkle Toes and the Riddle of the Lake*, *Pasages on Inland Water* and *A Maritime History of Lake Ontario*. You will not be disappointed with any of them.



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# Finger Lakes Boat Museum Summer Festival

By Greg Grundtisch

The 16th annual Finger Lakes Boat Festival was held July 20-21 at Cayuga State Park on the northwest side of Cayuga Lake NY. A spring boat show is also held in March in Geneva. The city of Geneva is helping to build a permanent museum site and visitors center at the north shore of Lake Geneva, the largest of the Finger Lakes.

This somewhat smaller summer show featured boats built in the Finger Lakes region. This part of central New York had over 40 boat builders at the height of production. The festival had on-land boat displays, with only one in-the-water boat on Saturday, the day we attended. There were vendors of nautical items, and food and beverage, workshops of steam bending, canoe canvassing, and refinishing wooden boats.

The indoor exhibits were held in the Moorhouse Center, which was once the Moorehouse Boat Factory, one of the larger boatbuilders in the area. The upstairs is used to display some of the building artifacts displays, and boats from Moorhouse, but also of others as well. There was, at one time many iceboat regattas in the area as well as builders of them.

The late Dan Sutherland got his start building boats with his grandfather at Sutherland Boat and Coach, on the south end of

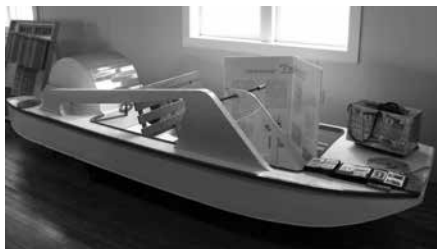
Keuka Lake building trout boats and others. Skaneateles Boat Inc. on the lake of the same name became somewhat famous for being the first to produce Lightnings, an Olin Stevens design.

Another notable boat was the K-Boat built by Murry Wright. These were 16' beamy stable and fast sloops. The first was built in 1932 for the Rochester, NY. City manager. The boat had no design name and Wright's father suggested Kohinoor, of Kohinoor diamond fame. At the time it was the largest uncut diamond, and considered a thing of great value and beauty. It was eventually shortened to simply K Boat. The design was so successful that it was until relatively recently built in fiberglass. The early wooden ones were finished bright and are beautiful.

There were many other boats designs, like Comets, Windmills, Flying Dutchman built here, and many others that were designed specifically for the intended local use, like fishing, transport, etc. Trout boats and scows were commonly built, as were motorboats, canoes, and skiffs, along with many others.

Many are unaware of how many builders there were at one time in the Finger Lakes region, and how prolific they were. In the not too distant future there will be a permanent museum building that will house the collection of boats and related items, as well as an archival library. In the meantime check their website at [flbm.org](http://flbm.org) for more information.

When we got there it was getting dark and cloudy and a few sprinkles, and most went to the refinishing workshop indoors. Eventually the sun came out and more people began to arrive, but it was under attended (35-40), likely because the weather forecast was predicting 50% rain for the day. I was told Sunday attracted many more people. The show needs to market itself better. This is the first year I heard of it, and it's been going for 16 years. I found out when someone from the Buffalo Maritime Center wanted to know if any members were going. Another problem was the Antique and Classic boat guys having a big show the week before on Keuka Lake, and one the week after at Skaneateles, about 100 miles apart. They both have a big draw with local boats.







The *Lois McClure* arrived in Buffalo on August 2 for a three day visit. She previously visited Buffalo in 2007 bringing a cargo of Vermont granite and Medina sandstone for a commemorative display for the future Canalside, the new waterfront attraction and terminus of the Erie Canal. On her first visit Canalside was nonexistent and construction was in its infant stages. It is still being devolved currently but a lot has been done.

The *Lois McClure* is a replica of a canal schooner. This type of schooner did not sail on canals, it was pulled along by mules, but had the advantage when getting into inland lakes of sailing across where mules could not go. For example, it could load in Burlington, Vermont, sail down Lake Champlain and into the Hudson River, then drop the rig and go west to Buffalo or north to Oswego along the canals. Masts were carried on racks and raised when needed. The rig has a foremast, a main and jib and a huge centerboard. She is flat bottomed and the hull is made of oak. The length is 88' with a beam of 14.5'.

When traveling a canal the *Lois McClure* is pushed along by the tug *C.L. Churchill*. The tug is tied off at the rear hip on the port side. It turned out that the couldn't push the *McClure* against the strong current in the Niagara River and needed the assistance of the tug *Pittsford*.

The *Lois McClure* is based in Vergennes, Vermont, at the Lake Champlain Maritime



## Canal Schooner Returns to Buffalo

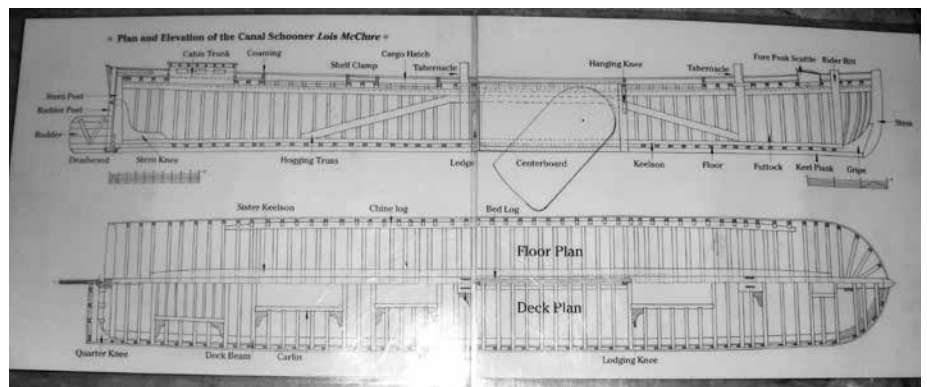
By Greg Grundtisch



Museum. She is on a four month tour and will have traveled about a thousand miles when she returns home in October. Her stops along the way offer free tours and bring to life a little of the past showing how canal boats and canals helped the country grow further and

further west into the frontier before railroads became the main mode of transportation. She is also helping to commemorate the war of 1812-13. It turns out that the *McClure's* captain, Roger Taylor, is a descendant of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry.

If you would like to know more of this boat and others go to the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum web site at [www.lcmm.org](http://www.lcmm.org). There are videos and photos of their boats and the research and construction of them, also much on the history of the Lake and surrounding areas.



The Texas 200 gathers small boat sailors for a five day camp cruise along the south Texas Gulf Coast each June. Beginning at the southernmost tip of Texas, sailors head north, covering about 200 miles, with four planned nightly stops with mostly primitive camping conditions. The course is partly within the federally designated Intra Coastal Waterway (ICW) and Corpus Christi Ship Channel, and partly through unmarked shallow bays and passes where even a small boat can go aground.

The first day offers the option of an open ocean crossing. Self sufficiency is the theme. Though the group camps together, it disperses during the day and participants are often traveling alone. There is no rescue or support boat. Except for the party at the finish, participants provide their own food and water. As founder Chuck Leinweber said, "When you finish, you'll know you've done something."

What began six years ago as a wild west variation of the small boat "raid" concept, the Texas 200 has become mainstream and semi respectable. It's been featured in *WoodenBoat* magazine. My report in *MAIB* on the 2009 edition of the Texas 200 (TX200) was half incredulous at what I was seeing. I returned in 2013 to a matured, but no less eccentric event, and it all felt "normal" this time.

Wind and heat are the variables that determine the pleasure to pain ratio of the TX200. These were relatively benign in 2013 by local standards. About 25 boats and crews participated. The years of 30% of the fleet dropping out are thankfully past. Sailors are generally coming better informed about what they are getting into and better prepared. Nevertheless, three crews still withdrew.

The course varies a bit from year to year. 2013 was the longest TX200 yet, 211 miles by GPS reckoning, more than that if we had to tack a lot. Half of the overnight stops were new. Some sailors probably missed the former third night stop at the Padre Island Yacht Club with its air conditioning and showers. They probably did NOT miss the bottomless, gooey black mud at the primitive camp at Hap's Cut.

Homebuilt boats traditionally have dominated, but fiberglass production boats increased this year. The "bargain" orientation remains the same. With an exception or two, the fiberglass boats are either long time family companions or recycled "classics," bought cheap and restored to life. Participants are a mix of hard core returning veter-

## 6th Annual Texas 200

By Kim Apel

ans and first timers. Some continue to travel great distances to attend, sailors came from South Dakota and several west coast cities this year.

This was the first year that founder Chuck Leinweber (of *Duckworks* fame) did not sail. We missed his cheerful personality and deep knowledge of the coast, but it's a positive sign that the event has matured and can stand on its own. The "Texas 200 Sailing Club" (with officers and everything) now runs the event, only slightly more organized that it ever was and intentionally so. The event now has an entrance fee ("club dues") to pay for insurance and a liability waiver that all participants must sign. Its language borrows heavily from the Everglades Challenge waiver which ditches polite legalese in favor of bluntness and clarity. It's a document that pokes you in the chest and challenges you to back down. A brief excerpt of a two page waiver form reads:

"All people, agents and companies associated with the event owe you nothing, nor do we owe you duty of care or any other duty. We promise you nothing. We do not, and will not, even try to make this event safe for anyone. This event is not safe for anyone... We won't even try to warn you about every known danger... If we do decide to warn you about something, that doesn't mean we will try to warn you about everything... We and our agents may do things that are unwise and dangerous. Sorry, we're not responsible. We may give you bad advice. Don't listen to us. Enter and participate in this event at your own risk. And have fun!"

I crewed for Chris Breaux of Houston, owner builder of the 31' Bolger folding sharpie schooner named *Elsie B*. Chris put out the call for crew on the Texas 200 Facebook page a few months in advance and I applied for the job. Because of a business obligation, Chris couldn't start until a full day after the rest of the fleet on Monday. I flew in from southern California on Monday and we embarked on Tuesday with the goal of sailing 90 miles and catching up with the fleet the same day at "Camp 2." The speedy schooner might have done it, too, if the wind had held. It went light for several hours mid-



Chris Breaux at the helm of the Bolger schooner aided by a 12' long push pull tiller.



*Elsie B* flies the Texas state flag from the mainmast.

day so we settled for a 75 mile run and caught up with the fleet the next day.

I received an education with my first experience with either a schooner or a gaff rig. The rules of sail trim seem to be different from that to which I am accustomed. The TX200 works partly because the prevailing winds on the south Texas Gulf Coast in June blow steady and strong from the south to southeast almost all the time. It typically

*Elsie B*, the Bolger folding schooner, stopped for ice midway on the trip.



My ride: 31' Bolger folding schooner

Martin Houston built a Michalak AF3 and brought it all the way from South Dakota for his first TX200 and succeeded.



makes for a reliable downwind run. Otherwise a bunch of little sailboats probably wouldn't make 200 miles in five days. Sometimes, however, nature must assert its will and this year the wind went off script for a day with the result that there was (gasp!) considerable windward work to do.

While TX200 sailors hope for consistent following winds, there is otherwise much variety. The course weaves through a succession of bays and channels of changing character. A speedy overview would go something like this:

Day 1: Embark northbound from Port Isabel, Texas, with the high rise hotels of tourist mecca South Padre Island on the horizon to starboard. Some, with appropriate boats, skills and preparation, take the "outside" route on the Gulf of Mexico. Most, however, take the inside route via the broad, shallow Laguna Madre which quickly leaves civilization behind. Boats in the ICW follow the channel markers in a near straight line or risk going aground. There are miles of open water around but almost all of it is under 4' deep. The shorelines, when they can be seen, are vacant barrier islands or salt flats. Other boat traffic is light. Later, hints of civilization appear in the form of private fishing shacks, built on pilings over the water or tidal sands. *Elsie B's* performance shines under ideal conditions. We surge ahead on a broad reach, consistently at 7-8mph with little effort and no drama.

There are two options for the first night's camp: 1) the public docks in the small town of Port Mansfield, the first civilization since leaving Port Isabel, or 2) the "Port Mansfield jetties," a primitive camp ten miles east where a dredged channel meets the Gulf of Mexico. The former is best for ICW sailors, the latter is preferred by those who go "outside."

Day 2: The groups that diverged on Day 1 re-converge in Redfish Bay, again confined mostly to the ICW channel. The Bay ends at the entrance to the "land cut" where the ICW becomes a dredged canal through the coastal dunes and sand flats. The land cut gives refuge from the waves of the open bay, but the wind is unobstructed. Here is often the fastest sailing of the trip. Numerous dolphins approach the boat but the speedy *Elsie B.* leaves them behind. The tower turbines of vast "wind farms" appear to port and continue for miles. We catch up with a tail end boat in the main fleet. It is the Prindle catamaran team, stopped on the lee shore. We

alter course and come near enough to learn that they have recovered from being "pitch-poled," but are undamaged and will soon be underway again.

The land cut gives way to Baffin Bay, bisected again by the marked navigation channel, though with more turns, variety and frequent small islands. Just out of the ICW in the middle of the bay, one of these unnamed islands is Camp 2. For the first time the entire fleet is assembled (except drop-outs and late starters), allowing for unlimited socializing. The evening meal ranges from ultra spartan to fairly sophisticated, depending on the crew's priorities. The night is dark and windy. The heat and exertions of the day take their toll and most sailors retire early. Deeper draft boats, unable to reach the shallow beach, bob and splash at anchor, keeping their crews awake half the night.

Day 3: Crews are wise to embark as early as possible. High winds, if they come, are worst in the afternoon so it's prudent seamanship to start early and arrive at the destination as early as possible. The catboat *Cupholder* discovers the downside of a keel in this area when it goes hard aground before it can re-enter the ICW. Tide and wind direction are making it worse by the minute. The fleet is gone and there is no one around to help. After standing in the water and pushing to the point of exhaustion, the crew tries to radio for a tow service, but the location is so remote that none can be reached. After several frustrating hours, the successful solution is the ancient practice of kedging off, using an anchor to pull on the masthead at an angle and thereby pry the keel out of the sand. They rejoin the northbound fleet a few hours late.

Baffin Bay eventually narrows. Sport-fishing traffic increases as the course skirts the fringe of the Corpus Christi metropolitan area. The channel appears to be wider here but it is an illusion. A quarter mile from shore, boats pass near a group of birds standing in 1" deep water. The first commercial barges are seen. A housing tract appears and then a highway bridge, tall enough for barge traffic to pass underneath. Some boats stop at the Marker 7 marina for ice and supplies. Some years, but not this time, sailors withdraw here because of equipment problems or because it's not what they expected.

Passing under the Highway 99 bridge is the gateway to Corpus Christi Bay. Most of the fleet veer away from the ICW here. For the first time the bay is deep enough (4'-6') that following channel markers is unneces-

sary. A keelboat might be taking chances here but not the centerboarders and leeboarders of the Texas 200 fleet. The illusion of wilderness is gone. The shoreline is partly developed and industrialized. There are abandoned or inactive gas and oil platforms scattered around the bay.

If you're willing to unstep your mast to get under a low bridge, there is a potential shortcut. Otherwise the fleet's next target is a gap between two islands called Stingray Hole (love that name), through which the fleet enters the Corpus Christi Ship Channel and turns to starboard. For five miles the busy Channel is shared with oceangoing vessels, car ferries and everything else. This is made more challenging by the need to sail on a close reach. The town of Port Aransas passes to starboard, but most are too busy dodging the ferries to notice.

At the first opportunity boats exit the Ship Channel for the Lydia Ann Channel, the entrance to Aransas Bay. All are glad to put the Ship Channel behind them and have the wind astern again. An historic lighthouse is passed to port, following the port side shoreline until arriving at an oyster shell beach called Quarantine Shore (love that name) to Camp 3. It feels like wilderness again but when night falls the lights of civilization are visible around us, though at a distance. Three days in, Breaux continues to produce delicious hot meals, morning and night, quite a luxury under the circumstances.

Day 4: The crossing of Aransas Bay can be intimidating in a high wind, which is common, but conditions this day are mild. At the end of the bay a choice must be made between re-entering the ICW, vs the infamous "back bays" route to San Antonio Bay. The latter means following a narrow, unmaintained, vaguely marked channel through shallow bays bounded by shell islands and crisscrossed with shell reefs. Breaux knows the way so we opt for a little adventure. This area has a fearsome reputation and history in the Texas 200, so most boats take the other route. (Did I mention that we don't have a motor aboard *Elsie B.*?)

Breaux's memory conflicts with the chart and we soon go softly aground. Fortunately the wind is mild and we recover quickly. Thereafter, we keep a sharp lookout for little stakes driven in the mud that mark the channel. We "touch" from time to time but we don't stop again. We're grateful for an overcast day that keeps the heat down. Other boats are out of sight, it feels remote and iso-

A cockpit bimini is a cherished feature on this homebuilt Skipjack.



Campo 3 at Quarantine Shore.



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lated. We cross Carlos Bay, Carlos Dugout, Cedar Dugout, Cedar Bayou, Ayres Bay and Ayers Dugout (dugout: a dredged opening in a reef). Finally, sailing clear of the shoals and reefs, we embark across the unaccustomed freedom of San Antonio Bay. The 5'-7' of water under us is as deep as it gets around here, even miles from land.

The wind shifts a bit east. What in other years may be an easy reach is not this day. We begin tacking to windward, attempting to make South Pass and, failing, settle for Steamboat Pass (a naturally navigable gap in an island or reef), the entrance to Espiritu Santo Bay.

The schooner doesn't like beating to windward. In fairness, the schooner hasn't been asked to do much windward work and so lacks the rigging refinements to make the best of it. It never mattered before. With the day waning, we begin a struggle to gain seven or eight miles to windward to make



Camp 4 at Army Hole (love that name). The prospect of sailing in darkness on an overcast night in an area I know nothing about, trying to hit small target is unnerving to me. Breaux seems confident and he's the skipper, so I keep my doubts mostly to myself and hike out like a dinghy racer, trying to help the sails squeeze out progress to windward.

Darkness falls. Aided by GPS, Breaux's memory, teamwork and bit of seamanship we make our destination at Army Hole on Matagorda Island about 10pm. This boat access only primitive state park and wild-life preserve was formerly a training base and bombing range for the Army Air Corps in WWII. It is the final camp of the Texas 200 and there's a party going on. They see us coming and we are welcomed at the water's edge with smiles and help securing the boat. Food and drink is ready and waiting. It is a fine moment after almost 15 hours on the water. We are not the last to arrive.

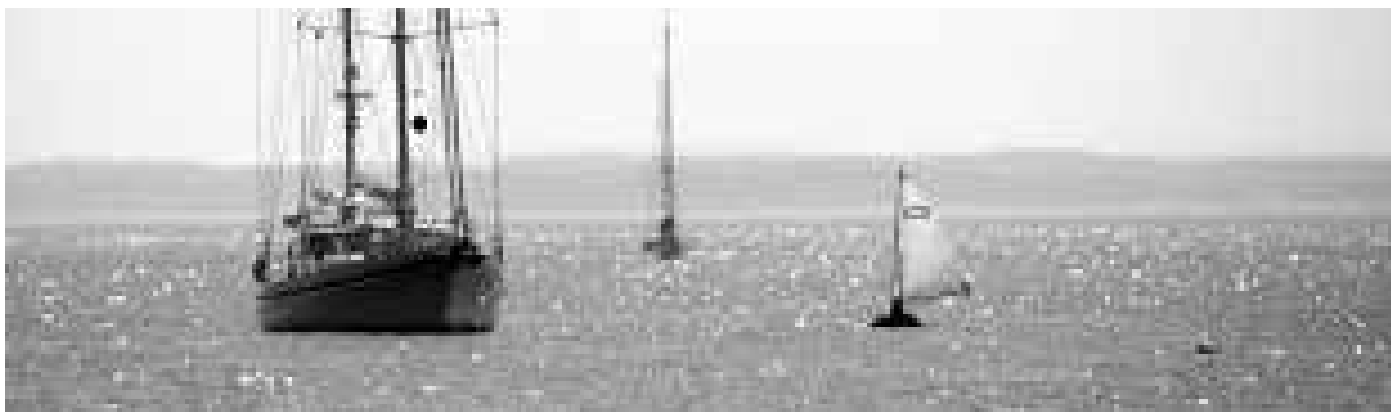
Day 5: Even in a light breeze, it is only a half day sail to the finish at Magnolia Beach. The previous focus and seriousness of getting an early departure for a challenging passage give way this day to sleeping late, casual preparations and relaxed conversations among crews. There seems a reluctance to leave knowing that at the next stop it will all be over. The route is across Matagorda Bay and Lavaca Bay to the finish at the small town of Magnolia Beach. We abruptly re-enter civilization and the ICW at Port O'Conner, past lavish vacation homes, private docks with shiny yachts, a Coast Guard station and heavy boat traffic. The landscape has turned semi tropically green vs the desert of Day 1. After the previous day's drama it all feels anticlimactic. We welcome a diversion, stopping briefly to help push a fellow sailor off a sandbar (a sneaky one protruding into the navigation channel). What would be difficult for the solo skipper is easy for three of us.

Upon arrival at Magnolia Beach, first timers can be spotted with huge grins of satisfaction and relief on their faces. Veterans are happy, too, but the thrill of the first time can't be matched. Chuck and Sandra Leinweber are there to welcome the arriving sailors. Vehicles and trailers are retrieved from nearby where they were parked six days before. Boats are loaded up and prepared for the trip home, some a few miles down the road, some a few thousand. Most participants have paid in advance for a celebratory, catered "shrimp boil" on the beach with cold beverages, including a local favorite, Shiner Beer. The boat talk flows freely, as it has for at least a week. Reluctantly, finally everyone leaves. Half of them are already making plans for next year.

The shrimp boil and party at the finish on Magnolia beach.







## Prologue

A Rockland (Maine) man's dory trip. Joe Auciello has been traveling on the cheap most of his life and wants to demonstrate the joy of such journeys. While raising their family, he and wife, Shlomit Auciello, ran a business, based on his sculpture and stone masonry, that depended on Joe to take long road trips to sell and install his work. On those trips he camped in his van, stayed with friends and slept in hostels. On his next voyage Auciello will spend most of his time in an open boat.

"I'm going toward New York City," he said June 23. "It might take me a month, maybe less, maybe more. I don't know. I intend to take my time and enjoy the journey."

"I'm row sailing my dory," he said. "It's a 19' gunning dory named *Jiuseppe*. It's pretty much an open boat. I did close in bulkheads on either end for flotation." Auciello will set the boat up so he can sleep aboard, and plans to stay in sight of land.

"The theme of this voyage is 'No Money to Wall Street,'" he said. "When I was single, I used to be a long distance hitchhiker. It seemed like I always ran out of money when I got across the country. I found a certain freedom in having no money."

Auciello said his philosophy was in tune with those in the Occupy movements. "If I make it to New York, that's good. If I make it to Portland, that's good, too. My idea is to show that you can have a great adventure, a great time, without spending money at all." He traded labor on a recent job for a month's supply of freeze dried rations and will also carry dried fruit, nuts and grains. "I plan to fish and forage for fresh food," he said.

A Bio-Lite campstove, a gift from Auciello's son, will heat his meals and help keep his cell phone and camera charged. "I'm really more focused on finding out who I am, now that I've turned 60 and my children have graduated college. It's time for me to spend time by myself. I'd like to be leaving on Sunday, July 7," he said.

Auciello said he had a job to wrap up and a friend's wedding to attend and would spend the weekend after Independence Day with his family. He plans to depart early in the morning from the Rockland Public Landing, but said plans are subject to change. "It's all about the journey, not the destination," he said.

Those who would like to follow Auciello on his journey can read his reports and one another's comments and see photographs and video recordings, at [adventureswithjoea.blogspot.com](http://adventureswithjoea.blogspot.com). Joe can be reached by phone at 207-691-4326.

## No Money to Wall Street

### By Dory from Maine

By Joe Auciello

### Preamble

By Shlomit Auciello



### July 7

Joe left the Rockland, Maine, public landing shortly before 9:30am with about a dozen people waving from the dock. Before he set out he had a short talk with Harbor-master Ed Glaser. Juiseppe is carrying a lot of freeze dried food, nuts and dried fruit, water, nautical charts, tents and sleeping gear. The bicycle stayed home.

Last night at a wedding we met Ben and Andrew, a pair of brothers who fish for herring out of Rockland. Ben was concerned that Joe did not have a survival suit, what some mariners call a Gumby suit, and this morning he showed up at the dock with one for Joe to borrow. It won't fit in the front compartment with the rest of the safety gear and Ben said he hopes Joe's only use for it is as a pillow.

Before he cast off from the dock, Joe gave us all a chorus of Utah Phillips' song, "Hallelujah I'm a Bum." Those of us staying behind on shore watched with mixed emotions, fixing this memory of Joe's departure in our minds.

And he was off. Catching the offshore breeze, with a detour to say goodbye to Bella, quietly and swiftly *Jiuseppe* moved away from the relative safety and predictability of Rockland's inner harbor. Joy and I watched from the pier between the town and the Gulf of Maine, and then, when we could no longer see him, we went home. Bon Voyage, sweetheart.



## First Report

By Mike Dworkin

### July 9

I received my first phoned in report from Joe this afternoon. My name is Mike Dworkin, I'm a somewhat peripheral friend of Joe's, but an ardent admirer, along with being an enthusiastic audience member and in solidarity supporter of his cruise.

Joe knew he wouldn't be able to blog every day along his way. A month or two prior to his leaving, one day when we were talking about No Money... including how to deal with the blog, I gladly agreed to take his phone reports, write 'em up and turn them into blog entries. So now that introductions are over, here goes:

Joe told me that, upon sailing from Rockland Harbor Sunday morning (as reported in the previous entry by Shlomit) he sailed around Owls Head with a good wind all the way until nearing Spruce Head, when it became "more wind than I could handle." At Spruce Head he decided to "go in." Joe said he asked the first man he saw if he knew of a mooring buoy that was not being used.

"Mine." It turned out the man who offered the mooring remembered meeting Joe some time ago back at the old Rockland Second Read bookstore coffee shop. Joe told me that, upon reflection he, too, remembered their having met before.

After a night spent on the boat docked in Spruce Head, Joe headed back out about 6am Monday morning. He encountered three thunderstorms that he said, "were pretty ferocious" but that "the boat handled well." He made a stop in Port Clyde during one storm, then "rowed and sailed" to Hog Island which is a part of what Joe called MITA (Maine Island Trail Association). On the island, he "pulled the boat on the beach" and spent the night at a campground, free. Joe said he got a good night's sleep and spoke of seeing some kind of beautiful flowers among the scenery on Hog Island.

Before I started writing this, I looked up on Google Maps the places at which he has stopped to try to get a sense of his route and estimate the distances he is covering on the various legs of the trip, sort of follow along with him. You should check this out yourself, the route from Port Clyde to Hog Island, almost due west, slightly northwest, not very far, only about 10 to 12 kilometers as the gull flies, is anything but a simple straight shot. It is actually more like a coastal labyrinth, dotted with different sized islands and a slew of jagged peninsula points. I'd have been lost a hundred times over, hoping just to hear a siren already, like some sad, long insane

sailor with Homer. Joe, what are you using for navigation?

Joe said he left Tuesday morning around 8am, but before getting in the boat to go he stopped for a “fresh water shower” when it started to rain. Once freshly washed and oars in hand, he rowed to Round Pond where he had been most of the morning and early afternoon when he called me. He wasn’t sure, but figured he’d probably end up staying the night there. He said it had been raining all day and at the time we talked he was “hanging out under a tent at a place where they serve lobsters.” Things sounded a little slow but he did say he had met and talked to some people.

On a more exciting note, a little earlier in the day at the local market Joe had bartered for his first hot meal. “A story for a hot sandwich.” I asked what the story he told was about. “Hopping freights in Arkansas.”

“When?” I asked.

“Oh, it’s gotta be some 40 years ago now.” A long, strange trip, or he’s just started another.

## Joe Checks In

### July 10

I am a little past Boothbay at Indiantown Island. Last night I helped a fellow rower load his boat on the trailer. We got to talking and I told him about my trip. He invited me to tie up to his dock and stay at his house. I love making new friends.

This morning I left Round Pond at first light. The wind was blowing from the east so I raised the sail and headed for Pemaquid Point. The wind was light so I row sailed for a while. When the wind picked up a fog rolled in as I passed New Harbor. By the time I got to the point the fog was thick. I took some compass bearings and headed for Thrumcap Island. Rolling downwind through the fog was scary and exciting. When I passed through Thread of Life Ledges I saw about 30 light colored seals on the rocks. I followed the compass around the next point and had a great sail into Boothbay Harbor.

### July 11

I think I wasn’t clear on where I am. The fellow I helped in Round Pond lives in Boothbay where he has a house and dock across from Indiantown Island. He is a doctor and works long hours. I made a big chicken stew with veggies from his garden that we shared last night. This morning he told me it would be foggy and rainy and I should stay another night. After a great breakfast of egg salad and arugula I hitchhiked into Boothbay. My friend Jacky stopped for me on her way to a job interview. We agreed to meet later and she bought me lunch. We had a very nice visit.

### July 13

What a day Friday was, I got up early had an egg salad on spinach breakfast. Andy, the good doctor and wonderful host, walked me to the dock. The wind was out of the northeast. I put up the sail and headed out. As I was going through a tight gut I was heeled way over and a lobster boat passed close to the lee of me. I think he was trying to do the right thing so as not to take my wind. Between his wake and being heeled over I took on about ten gallons of water. It was soon scooped out and we were off to the races.

The wind and tide were behind me as I ran out the Sheepscot River. Nice sailing.



As I approached the mouth of the Kennebec River I was worried about the fast current.

All went well and I flew on toward Cape Small and I rounded that at about noon. It seemed too early and I was going too well to look for camping in Casco Bay. I set a course for Cape Elizabeth. It took the rest of the day to round the cape and I pulled up to a dock on Richmond Island at sunset. There were no boats on the dock so I thought no one was on the island. I walked up to the little house anyway to ask if I could stay.

I knocked on the door and a woman’s voice answered. I met Tray, the caretaker of the island, she said I could camp anywhere. We said goodnight and I quickly set up the tent. The mosquitoes were bad. After an uncomfortable sleep I got up and started to pack. Tray offered me a cup of coffee and a banana. We had a great talk. She lives with no power or water. She is like a Buddhist monk, the island is her church. She seemed very enlightened. We talked of many things, love and compassion. I left with a warm glow. At the dock she blew bubbles to bless my trip. There was no wind so I rowed and ended up in Biddeford Pool where I hope to stay the night

## Shlomit Reports

### July 14

After a week of mostly sailing, Joe put the oars to work today, rowing from Biddeford Pool to Trott Island, off Kennebunkport. Joe said he was stopping to camp here because this is the last island he will stay on, during this trip that is part of the Maine Island Trail.

### July 15

I am writing to update you on Joe’s trip to Wall Street. He had north winds at first that carried him at a somewhat leisurely rate to Biddeford Pool, south of Portland. In a week he has slept in the boat on the beach, in a tent on the shore and in a comfortable bed in a house in Boothbay Harbor. He has traded a story for a sandwich and added a few stories to his blog, where he has also posted 12 short videos ranging from 12 seconds to a little longer than a minute. My favorite was made as he hove to near a bell buoy in the fog. Tonight, Monday, July 15, he’s camped at a dock on the Cape Neddick River, with the owner’s permission.

## Second Report

By Mike Dworkin

### July 17

Joe left me a brief voicemail message Sunday evening from his then current locale on Trott Island, at Cape Porpoise, ending with, “It’s a beautiful group of islands, I’m still feeling healthy and happy and we’ll see what tomorrow brings. Homesick nights, singing away the day.” I called him back not too long after and we spoke as briefly as we could (the sparse charge of his cell phone battery always a concern) about how things are going for him so far.

Before we got into his report Joe told me he had a quote for the blog. If my memory is right, the quote had come to him while rowing earlier that day. He said it had to do with Tray, whom he had met Friday evening before setting up camp on Richmond Island where she is the caretaker. Joe’s quote for the blog, referring to Tray, “She found rapture lying in the seawater being caressed by seaweed.”

Upon hearing the quote, phone held at my left ear, scribbling notes on a small piece of paper with a ballpoint in my right hand, sitting there at my kitchen table, long before I wondered what exactly Joe meant by “rapture,” long before I had begun to visualize a woman under water being caressed by seaweed, I wondered first, as a writer, am I going to be able to make this quote fit somehow into the context of the next blog entry? So, looking for context, I asked Joe to tell me more.

When Joe saw Tray Saturday morning, after his night camping on the island, she offered him some breakfast and the two talked and shared stories about their respective past spiritual experiences awakenings. She told Joe the island is her church or, maybe, her church is the island. He called her the high priestess of Richmond Island, a title which Joe told me she appreciated.

As I attempted to dig for further context, Joe told me a tale of one of his spiritual awakenings from his young adulthood, one he must have related to Tray during their conversation. That “whole ‘nother story” I’m going to wait to tell another day, hopefully (Joe and I have talked about my writing a book of stories from his many travels).

What is applicable here and now from that old story is what Joe calls his “mantra,” which resulted from that long ago experi-

ence, "Enjoy life and make it last." In many ways, Joe's mantra offers a good general context to this undertaking, his long row.

Despite that, I'm still not exactly sure I get the connection, and all the excitement, over seaweed and rapture. I suppose it could have something to do with living on an island, rowing and sailing day after day, all that "salt air" maybe. Or it could come from some combination of those things with a phenomenon even more important, that warm glow, that sometimes intense excitement, that sense of acceptance and what seems like more than just temporary safety that all of us feel upon finding a like minded soul, someone who gets it, gets us, seems to understand.

Joe then talked about another mantra he has been focusing on, one important to him right now, both for day in, day out success and for raising his chances of finishing his No Money to Wall Street cruise at Wall Street rather than somewhere short of that mark. "Be in the moment."

There have been times on this trip when Joe has had his doubts about how far he could go, times that have been difficult, times he has struggled to remain positive and times he has missed home and all that home means, from comfortable amenities to the company of friends and family.

Joe and I didn't have time to get too deep into it, as I said our phone calls are always brief and I'm sure much more has happened, both in thought and action, than he can express in detail for me on the spot. Then, too, my interviewing technique, which I thought at one time was pretty good, has not left me impressed with myself so far (maybe I'm just a little rusty). Enough was said though, in Joe's pithy way, that I think I've gotten a pretty good sense of "where he's at."

Of course, right now I have no idea where he is, as I finish writing this entry on Tuesday late in the evening, having not spoken or communicated with him in any way since Sunday when we were on the phone. That's just how it goes, it's part of the excitement and adventure, ours and Joe's. There are periods of time that one just never knows.

Imagine Magellan or Columbus sporting cell phones some 500 years ago as their little flotillas disappeared over the western horizon, all those months, even years of good, old fashioned suspense erased with a quick call or text back to the royal court. So, on the one hand it is incredible that today we have access to this much communication, near instantaneous (way quicker than Ferdinand's and Christopher's). Nowadays a call could even be life saving. On the other hand, the sea is the sea, New England ocean water is cold and sudden storms with big waves could make a cell phone all but useless. Phone or no phone, it can be scary.

Wherever Joe is while I'm sitting here in Camden in front of a glowing screen typing, I know he's working on being in the moment. He said his worst times, when he's homesick and having what he called a "back and forth feeling," came more often as he was winding down in the evening, getting ready to spend the night somewhere. He used the word "daunting." Not that he always feels down as dusk approaches, he mentioned a recent evening when the sun had fallen behind a stand of trees where he was camped, but this time used the word "wonderful" to describe the meditative feeling he had at that moment.

He said that the days out on the water, rowing, sailing, navigating, were easier for

him to live focused in the zen now of the moment. He told me that earlier on Sunday in *Juiseppa*, out there somewhere in the Gulf of Maine, he'd been singing while rowing. I pictured him in the sun, rowing, singing. Right now, as I'm writing, my eyes bleary, my screen still glowing, but not at all like the sun, I picture myself having gone along with Joe on his adventure and out in that boat on Sunday, able to hear his song. We'll see what tomorrow brings.

Short poem based on Joe's description of some of these events and that "back and forth" feeling:

Evening, daunting, dark now  
Alone, I'm missing being home  
Earlier, out in the sun of Sunday  
Out on the water, I was rowing, singing.  
(Submitted by Mike D until Joe A's  
next No Money report comes in)

## Back to Joe

### July 17

My wife and friend Mike have kept you informed of where I've been. After leaving Cape Porpoise I rowed all day and got to Cape Neddick. I tried to sail against a rising southwest wind in the afternoon, however, with the tide against me I found I wasn't getting anywhere. At Cape Neddick harbor, which is more of an enclosed beach, I took the mast down and went for a swim. There is a little river going under a bridge that kids were jumping off of. There are some docks just inside the river owned by the campground. When I asked about tying up for the night and was told "no," I rowed further up the river and found a nice little dock in the shade.

I walked up to the house and Nick the owner said I could use his dock for the night. After going for a nice long walk I met the two lovely ladies who live with him. They were all very nice and let me fill my water bottle and take a shower. Over a scotch on the rocks we talked in the back yard for a while. I set my tent up on the dock and had a good night's sleep.

The next morning there was a north wind blowing so I put up the sail and had wind just past the cape. The wind was on and off all day so I had a lot of rowing as well. I ended up in Hampton Harbor where I found a place to leave the boat and my good friend Gus came and got me. It is great to have friends, my good friends Gus, Mary Lou and James hosted me for two nights and a day. Gus took me to the market and bought me a big supply of nuts, seed and dried fruit.

### July 19

Thursday morning I left Hampton Beach Harbor and headed for Cape Ann. I had good wind until the Merrimac River mouth and my heart sank when the tiller went slack. The rudder had fallen out of its tube. Oh my God, I looked back and there it was dragging along by the little string that holds it up when I ground out. After what seemed like an hour of hanging over the side wrestling with the rudder I got it back in. Luckily the nut was still there on the bulkhead. I got it all back together and sat back down totally shaken.

The north wind had died out so I rowed for a while, it was hot. In the afternoon a southeast wind came up and I was able to row/sail down to the mouth of the Essex River, then the wind came out of the south-west strong, right in my teeth. I tacked into it for a while but it was too much wind so I

put a reef in the sail, much better. However, I still had to let off on the sail in the gusts so as not to take water over the side. When I got into Lobster Cove I took down the mast and started looking around for a place to leave the boat. There was a guy washing his boat on a private dock so I rowed over and asked if I could tie up for a few days. He said, "yes." I cleaned up the boat, put the things I needed in my bag and walked up to the road where my cousin Franky came and got me and brought me to her wonderful townhouse where I will stay for a few days and visit with family.

### July 23

I had a wonderful two days with cousin Franesta and family. On Friday night we had a big dinner party. I got to meet my cousin Danielle, a charming young woman who works for Hospice. On Saturday Ben and I went looking for the green quarry. After some research at the Rockport library we found the quarry and had a nice swim. Saturday night we went to a great restaurant that used to be the Blackburn Tavern. The food was great.

Sunday morning Frankie and Ben drove me back to the boat. I got underway and the tide brought me swiftly into the Annisquam River. When I got to the Blinman Canal the tidal current was against me. When I got close to the drawbridge this current was too much. A motorboat offered me a tow so I tossed him a rope and off we went. There was a standing wave under the bridge that shouldered me into the wall. Luckily our big fender kept us from getting any damage. It was a scary ride.

Out in the harbor seaway the waves were coming from what seemed like three different directions, very uncomfortable. It was like that all day as I row/sailed down the north shore. Once I got around Deer Island and into Boston Harbor the wind was behind me and the sea got smoother. It was a wild ride into Rows Wharf with all the shipping and power boats. I got to the Boston Rowing Center at 8:30pm. I was very glad to be there.

### July 25

While I was at Cape Ann I talked to Ben about his folding bike. He said he didn't really use it much. This bike has small wheels and folds very small so it fits down beside the centerboard trunk. I made a deal with Ben and took it with me to Boston. It is a great way to get around the city. I went into a place called Wheelworks to ask about the bike and they gave me a free lube job. I've been dancing the last two nights and I am in love with the world.

### July 29

I left Boston on a northeast wind that took me past Hull and out of Boston Harbor. It was a long day, I got hot and the wind got light so I did a lot of row/sailing. As I was getting close to Green Harbor the wind came out of the south right in my teeth. I had to tack back and forth for hours to get into the harbor. I went to the town dock and they wanted \$2/ft to tie up for the night. I said I had no money and I couldn't tack back out against that wind so they offered me safe harbor for the night. I put up my little army boom tent and slept on the boat.

In the morning it started to rain and the tent was a little leaky. I got up, packed up and rowed out. I rowed for about three hours on a flat sea. An east breeze crept up and I raised sail. It built to a good wind and took me around Duxbury Beach and into the bay. The fog was thick and big fishing boats came

flying by. I got out of the channel as quickly as I could. Some big boats came in and I got to surf their wakes. As the fog lifted the wind grew and we raced downwind into the bay. It was wonderful, I felt grateful to be alive. At the inner harbor I started asking at docks for a place to tie up. The harbor master gave me a free mooring.

To go through the Cape Code canal I had to have a motor. My friend Oliver, who lives in South Dartmouth, offered to pick me up with his boat trailer and take me to the Buzzards Bay end. When we got the boat on the trailer I checked out the bottom and found a crack and soft spot.

### August 1

To recap the last few days: My friend Peter picked me up in Plymouth, fed me a nice meal and we had a great visit. His brother Paul rebuilt a rowing shell like a fine violin. Peter then drove me to my friend Carrie's house where I stayed in a little cottage she has on her property. Carrie bought me a chart book from Block Island to New York City. I also want to thank my cousin Steve and his wife for treating me to a great meal before I left Boston. Of course, to Oliver of Thomson Wood Spars, I will be forever in debt for putting me up and helping me get *Giuseppi* back in shape. His wife Ginger and daughter Hanna made me feel right at home. Ginger was a big help while fiberglassing. Now Whitmore is putting me up. I am very grateful.

Tomorrow I start the second half of my journey, from now on friends are few and far between. I will have to make some new ones. We put *Giuseppi* in the water yesterday morning here in Westport on Buzzards Bay. At the first private dock I stopped at they said I could tie up for a few nights. I pedaled over to my friend Whitmore's new house where I helped him working on an old stone wall. Tomorrow I plan to get back on the water.

### August 3

Yesterday I left Westport and headed west. After a few hours of good sailing the southwest wind got stronger and stronger. I reefed down but it still got stronger. I looked for a place to go in, nothing but a lee shore and beaches. There was a harbor a few miles away but the wind was coming straight from it. As I tacked back and forth I started taking on water, soon it was more than I could bail. I started looking for a beach with the least surf. When I went in and touched shore the waves started crashing over the boat. I started taking stuff out of the boat. *Giuseppi* was on her beam ends, scraping along the beach. I thought it was all over. When I got everything out, the tide started to turn and I was able to get her upright and scoop out the water with my 5gal bucket. Finally I was able to take a breath and watch the young surfers having fun.

## From Shlomit

Alert readers will note that Joe's most recent blog post ends abruptly. At this moment, Joe is in Sakonnet Harbor in Little Compton, Rhode Island. He's not finding a very gracious welcome among the folks at the local yacht club and has lost access to wifi for the moment.

For now, and most likely for the rest of the day, the winds are right in his face. But a chance meeting with a man from Point Judith is giving him something to head for and the forecast shows the wind shifting to the NW or WNW, which might help him get there.

Yesterday's lee shore gave him some pause and an opportunity to try out the camp stove and cell phone recharger. That worked well and communication remains open. Like most of us in coastal New England today, he's dealing with rain. Unlike most of us he's also dealing with a cold shoulder from the mainland.

## Back to Joe

August 5

I don't have a lot of time but I will fill in the blanks later. I made it across Narraganset Bay in one long day, lots of row/sailing. I am staying with a fellow boater, Tim Mooney, he saw my blog and called me. Very nice and I am very thankful.

OK, some blanks. The night on the beach I cooked some freeze dried food. As I finished it some young surfers brought me a meal of sausage and noodles, very good. The next morning it was very hard to get off the beach with the waves. Once on the water I had to row against the wind to little Compton Harbor. I spent the day in harbor on a little beach. I was missing my vhf so I pedaled back to the beach and found it. Wow! The fishermen were friendly. The cops said I could camp on the grass above the beach I got off at first light.

### August 8

After leaving Port Judith, as I came out around the breakwater the wind was out of the west and building. I started a long tack to the southwest. Within a half hour I was way offshore and getting a lot of spray. I took the other tack all the way back in and I wasn't much beyond the breakwater. I tacked twice more, no good. I dropped anchor 50' from the beach, took down the mast, took the mast apart and put it all in the boat. I started rowing. I could see I was making progress by watching stuff on the beach go by. However people walking on the beach were going faster. I rowed about seven miles I think.

When I reached the Charleston Breachway, I thought the tide would be going in but the tide draining the great salt marsh is much later. I was really spinning my oars and getting nowhere. I threw a line to a friendly motorboat and got pulled to a tie up place next to an RV park.

Glen, a long time Breachway guy, came over and gave me the lay of the land, where to camp and so on. Two ladies came over to ask about my boat, Debby and Linda. Remember *Giuseppi* has scraped down a beach and most of the paint is gone. Linda invited me to her RV to charge my cell phone. That's where I

met Mike, her husband. As anyone will tell you at the Breachway, he is the salt of the earth. They took me clamming in the great salt marsh, fed me a big sea food meal and let me stay in the extra room in their RV. As if that were not enough they got up early and towed me out the next morning.

The wind built out of the east, it was glorious. I sailed down into Fisher's Island Sound. About halfway along the Sound the pin that holds the two parts of the mast in the right place sheared off. I headed into Mystic, Connecticut. As I got in I saw a small harbor to port so I went there to make the repair. I met a couple who invited me to tie up at the dinghy dock. They said, "take a shower," so I did. They found a bolt that worked for the mast so I was all set. It was getting late so thought of staying on the dinghy dock for the night.

But I went looking for a place to tie up for the night. I went over to the Mystic side of Noank Harbor where I saw a beautiful Noank sloop, the old sailing lobster boat of that area. I tied up to the dock and went to ask if I could tie up for the night. A lovely lady came to the door and said she would ask her husband. I believe he said he was Captain Andrews, my memory is so bad, if you read this please tell me your right names. They fed me a wonderful meal and let me camp on their front lawn. The captain is a kindred spirit, a no motor sailor.

The next day I sailed out early on an east wind, it was fabulous, what a day. I was so free and glad to be alive. I think I went 36 miles to Guilford Harbor where my friend Marty took me to his home.

### August 11

Almost there, with a place for *Giuseppi* in Brooklyn!

## From Shlomit

I'm writing here to tell Joe's friends and followers that he's made it all the way to Rowayton, Connecticut, between Westport and Stamford and can see the spires of Manhattan on the horizon. Thanks to all your calls and texts he's made contact with a small boating group in Brooklyn. He hopes to meet up with some of them on the water tomorrow and follow them to their dock, where he will leave *Giuseppi* for the last leg of his trip to Wall Street. That part of the journey may take a couple of days, so we still don't have a firm arrival date. Joe asked me to thank everyone who has reached out, and to let you know texting is difficult for him while underway.

The picture is from Martin Smith in Guilford.





## Back to Joe

August 15

From Rowayton I row/sailed all morning, mostly rowing, a little wind behind me. The city got bigger and bigger. The weather report was for SW wind, however what I got had a lot of east in it. Late afternoon I got to City Island. I went to the first dock I came to, about a dozen dock sides behind a big barge, I was given a free dock side with nice shower and restrooms. I set my tent up on the dock.

Next morning I rowed out in the rain and headed for Throgs Neck Bridge. An hour or so of rowing brought me to the mouth of the East River. It poured all morning but an east wind came up. I sailed fast up the East River and up the Bronx River to Rocking the Boat boat building school. I got a big cheer and welcome from ten or twelve students from the school, they helped me transport my gear and boat to the school. After lunch at the school I gave a talk to the students about my tour. It was well received. I met a visiting teacher named Ron who has sailed the East River a lot. We pored over tide and current charts and it looked as though the timing was not right to row to Wall Street, I would have had to go in the middle of the night. So Ron gave me a ride to Manhattan and I biked to Wall Street.

No Money to Wall Street is complete.

I would like to take this time to thank my wife for her love and support. Shlomit, you are truly my best friend. I also want to thank everyone who put up with my bad spelling. Well, I will keep you posted when I can.

Your guy in a dory, Joe A.



You can see Joe's reports and videos at <http://adventureswithjoea.blogspot.com/>



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## Kindred on the Hip

By Capt. Dan



A young couple, Matt and Lindsey, friends of mine who are RNs and own a 20,000lb displacement 37' Endeavor sailboat, recently returned to the US after a four-year cruise. They left *Kindred* at a marina on Boggy Bayou in Niceville, Florida, and took nursing jobs in Alaska and Hawaii, leaving a friend to check on the boat and periodically start the Perkins's 4-108. After a few weeks it was discovered that the Perkins was locked up due to water in the cylinders. Matt called almost in a panic because he is 6,000 miles away and his home is sitting in Hurricane Alley unable to move under her own power. Matt wanted to know if I could tow *Kindred* about 28 miles to Fisherman's Boat Yard in Freeport, Florida, so she could be hauled out to pull the engine.

I live on the east end of the Choctawhatchee Bay, about 150 yards off the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway (ICW), and own an Atkin designed Rescue Minor, *Magic*, which I built a few years ago. *Magic* has a 20hp Yanmar 3GM-20 with a 2.6-1 gear turning a 13" wheel. Perhaps some purist out there will say a Rescue Minor was designed to turn a 10" wheel. Well, please don't tell anybody, but since I owned the engine with that gear before I built the boat, I changed the tunnel in the area of the prop by 1.5" so she could accommodate a larger prop knowing a 10" prop would be too small. Yes, it worked out fine.

I agreed to help out and trailered *Magic* to Niceville where I met two of Matt's friends, Eric and Rich, both of whom are experienced captains (one even worked for Sea Tow). I made no assumptions and had pfd's, a throwable, flares and my rain gear. In addition, I had my clipboard with my charts, a tide table and a handheld VHF. We launched *Magic* at a ramp near the marina and motored over to the marina where *Kindred* was moored. I told the guys that I wanted to put *Magic* on the hip on *Kindred*'s port side since *Magic*'s throttle and gear controls are on the starboard side.

We disconnected the shore current and all but one of *Kindred*'s mooring lines, dropped three fenders in between and tied *Magic* off with three lines. *Magic*'s stern was about even with *Kindred*'s. First we tested *Kindred*'s hydraulic steering to make sure it was working and then held a little meeting and had it worked out that if we lost power, Eric would drop *Kindred*'s port anchor.

We brought in the last mooring line and at 07:24, I eased *Magic* into reverse and idled back across the marina about two boat lengths before putting the gear in forward and calling for hard right on *Kindred*'s rudder. Slowly we turned in almost *Kindred*'s

length, providing lots of entertainment for the marina liveaboards who were out drinking their morning coffee. I made the remark that at least we looked like we know what we were doing.

After we cleared the marina and were out in the Boggy Bayou channel, I throttled *Magic* up to 3,300rpm and the GPS slowly climbed to 6.2 knots. I then throttled back to 2,200 which dropped the speed back to 5.5 knots and, after tightening the lines, I put the snap hook on *Magic*'s tiller, locking it straight ahead and climbed carefully aboard *Kindred* (painful and difficult with a back injury and a torn ACL in my knee). It was easy to monitor the little Yanmar on the Rescue Minor from the deck above and the water temperature held just below 140° for the entire trip. We placed a boathook nearby so if we had to pull the throttle back or put the engine in neutral we could do it from the deck above.


As we motored out of the bayou and into the Choctawhatchee bay and turned east in the intracoastal, the wind was almost calm but built to about 6 knots from the south-southwest by 9am. The trip was almost uneventful. We did meet a towboat with two barges side by side in the channel as we entered Lagrange Bayou. We called him on the VHF and advised him that we were towing a disabled sailing vessel on the hip and requested to pass close aboard on one whistle with no wake. Where we passed we could not get out of the channel without risking a grounding. At 12:20 *Kindred* eased into the haulout slip at Fisherman's Boatyard on Four Mile Creek.

### Lessons Learned

If you are asked to move a boat for someone else and you are qualified, then don't assume that the boat has any safety or navigation equipment onboard. Without being overbearing, take charge, have a meeting, talk about contingencies and prepare for emergencies. Here we had three experienced boat captains. Only one was prepared and he took charge to ensure a safe delivery.

*Magic* will pass a close inspection and is for sale by owner.

**Editors Note:** Capt Dan is a lifelong boater/boat builder who served four years in the Coast Guard and was honorably discharged as a Boatswain's Mate 1st Class (E6). After leaving the Coast Guard he obtained his 100-ton Ocean License with a commercial towing endorsement.



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# The Talisman

## Story of a Cement Schooner

By Patricia Daly-Lipe

It began as a cry for help. I consented. It ended as a cry, my own. When I first saw the ship, was I glad not to be considered as crew. Her sheer bulk, not just the length of 72', but the weight, 60 tons, was intimidating enough. The source of her weight was more to the point. Made in South Africa some 30 years ago she was constructed from cement. Not a veneer. A solid 1"-2" thick, cement inside, cement outside.

Probably ignored for years, her paint was chipping, her lines were stiff. She would be departing just on the edge of winter, not promising weather. Berthed in Solomon's Island, Maryland, she had to traverse the Chesapeake Bay before entering the ocean. She then had a long, tedious trek taking her south around the tip of the Florida Keys and back up the Gulf of Mexico. Her destination, Biloxi, Mississippi.

For the voyage out of the Chesapeake, as predicted, the weather was gruesome, cold and rainy. Near the Outer Banks *The Talisman*, as she was named, encountered strong gales, icy rain and powerful currents. A week later a beautiful old tall ship was lost in this very spot.

The call came from Charleston, South Carolina. "I have phoned everybody I can think of," said the Captain. "No one can make the trip. Please, we need your help." One of the crew, and there were only two besides the Captain, had broken his leg. The remaining man refused to go any further without a third person on board. I gave in, in part because I figured that they had arrived far enough south for warm weather.

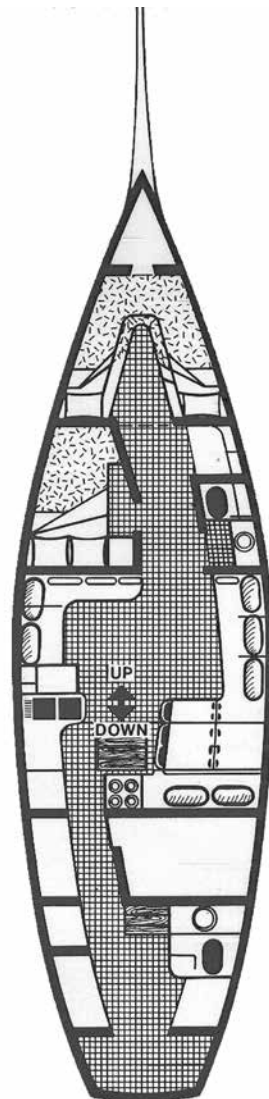
Although I was a woman in her 50s, I was eager to be going out to sea again, anticipating pleasant sailing off the coast of Florida with balmy breezes, a warm sea and friendly dolphins. I secured an immediate flight and arrived mid-afternoon expecting we would sail out right away. Not so.

The Captain and his first mate met me at the airport. After gathering my duffel, we drove a rental car through the quaint and gracious streets of this southern belle city back to the boat. She was berthed at the very end of a series of attached docks off South Battery Street just across the river from Fort Sumter.

Tidbits of information gave enough insight that, had I been smart, could have justified taking the next flight home. Instead, I was wine and dined then driven to the hospital to see the invalid. A huge cast ran from his foot to his hip. Obviously sedated, he was grinning despite not being able to move. He would remain hospitalized several more days before attempting to fly home. It had been an ugly accident.

The boat was heaving and battling giant waves. The weather channel had an alert out for all crafts. Matt, the young man, was attempting to remove an outboard motor from the back rail. The outboard belonged to a dinghy, which had already been lost overboard. In front of the back rail was the main-sail traveler. Just as he was about to lift the motor, the boat surged up and crashed down again into the surf.

Matt was thrown off balance catching his foot under the traveler. He heard it crack



and knew immediately the bone was broken. The Captain braced the leg with broken plastic battens from one of the sails. For two hours he held Matt's leg as still as possible while waiting for the Coast Guard Emergency craft. Blood was streaming across the deck while the boat crashed up and down out of control in the pounding surf until she hit a sand bar and was grounded.

"His evacuation by Coast Guard rescue vessel left us hard up at falling tide," wrote the Captain in his log. "We refloated the vessel on the incoming tide the following morning with the kindly help of a NW wind."

Before sailing any distance in the ocean, the Captain made sure the underside of the schooner was clean. He pulled monster barnacles off the propeller, rudder, hull and transducer in the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream south of Cape Fear and spent some time experimenting with the Furuno Depth Sounder. In the storm just outside Charleston, the Captain felt comfortable with the reliability of the craft in deep water and believed he had a dependable depth gauge. The ship grounded at a reading of 30'!

The next day, *The Talisman* made the front page of the Charleston newspaper, the news story centered on her being grounded. No mention was made of Matt's broken leg.

Before we could leave, more repairs were needed and the fuel tank had to be filled. To complete the latter task we had to motor several

miles up the river. There was only one fueling dock in the area able to accommodate a boat of this size. The weather was lovely, however, and I had an opportunity to acquaint myself with the schooner before setting out to sea.

Late afternoon, we finally set off. The water around Charleston had been calm but even before we hit the ocean I could see the swells. The weather report was not favorable either. Wind was coming from the south. This meant that we had to go to weather, the sails were useless. It's not pleasant to motor a sailboat.

It was particularly unpleasant to motor *The Talisman*. Clearly she was not built to go to weather. After only a few hours my head was splitting as 60 tons of ship was being beaten up by powerful surf. We stayed west of the Gulf Stream but just out of sight of land. The three of us rotated every four or five hours, taking our turn at the helm. Being at the helm of a 72' boat was a new experience for me, an overwhelming responsibility.

From the platform where the great wheel was I looked down the long starboard side past the main cabin structure and the staysail above and further down to the bow with its second mast and sails. The sheer size was intimidating. It was during my second shift that the cabin flooded.

Inside the boat was quite impressive. The main cabin, or saloon as we called it, was huge. It had high ceilings, several built-in

couches, a lovely wooden hand carved dining table, a well equipped galley and plenty of open space. However, when I heard the commotion and looked down, this huge room was immersed in a surging wave. Water smashed against whichever side the boat heeled.

The Captain was cursing the huge generator. Despite being new and expensive, it was not working. That meant that the sump pump was not functioning. Like a chain gang, we had to bail out the water only to have more come in. The Captain finally located the source, a hole in the bow. While he patched up the hole from the inside, the other crew member, Bob, had to bail out the water while I continued steering up top.

Later that night, while I was at the helm, the Captain, assisted by Bob, hung over the bow attached by his lifeline with his head upside down and almost under water. While the boat pitched, he moved the giant anchor away from the hull. The anchor was the culprit that had pierced the cement and caused the hole. This problem was now fixed but our troubles had only just begun.

Another day and I was at the helm again. It was late afternoon. We were progressing very slowly, maybe two or three knots. The big Ford motor was at full throttle but it had 60 tons to push through an unfriendly tide and oncoming wind.

Suddenly I heard a loud ripping noise, looked up to the bow and saw the jib descend into the sea. Shreds of sail hung on the forward mast. It had split down the middle and was now swirling around and around through the air. Floating and swirling, it descended down, down to where I was standing. I clutched the wheel, my mouth agape, mesmerized in fear. The white sail became a blur. My vision was fuzzy, my mind couldn't focus. My body was wrapped up in this white mist and I was no longer at the helm.

Suddenly everything became nothing and I faced blackness. No forms, no shapes. My mind raced desperately searching for details, facts and shapes interspaced with dots and dashes then stretched deeper for memories, something to hang onto. Shadows, shade, splitting up, then blank. Time stopped. I was nowhere, out of myself, gone. Then slowly I became aware of myself. I was thinking. I was alive. I was somewhere. My eyes refused to cooperate. My memories floated across the inward vision of my mind.

Slowly I pulled thoughts to the surface. My eyes began to distinguish white light, a mist. Then out of nowhere, a voice. My arms were responding but I couldn't connect. My body moved. Still I could not bond. Outside my physical self was doing what it was being told to do while inside my mind was in a mist of memories.

"Are you all right?" It was the Captain. In the mist I could see his face above mine. He was leaning over. I was lying down. Slowly, very slowly, I put the parts together, where I was, who I was, when, when, what?

"What happened?" I whispered trying to focus on the Captain's face to keep myself connected.

"The boom broke loose and hit you."

I digested the information. The boom? I was at the helm. The boom hit me? Then I remembered the sail ripping apart. The sail had pulled the boom down with it and I was knocked unconscious. Unconscious, out, gone. Had I experienced death and been retrieved? Not bruised and broken like Matt? Incredibly, I was unharmed.

"I am fine," I assured the Captain. My lie must have sounded convincing since he asked me to return to the helm so he could fix the damage left on the foredeck. There was no time to dwell upon my experience. The ship does not stand still at sea.

The steering wheel was hydraulic. Periodically it would just spin and the boat would be at the mercy of the wind and the sea. The Captain devised a plan. We placed a can of oil next to the wheel. When she stopped functioning, we opened the dome where the compass was located and poured the oil down the innards. We did have a backup, a 12' long tiller on the aft deck. Sure enough, it came to a point where we had to use the tiller.

It was too powerful for me to hold alone so we arranged a pulley system. This gave me leverage so I could control it reasonably well. The tiller, however, turns the opposite direction from the wheel. Going back and forth from the wheel to the tiller and back to the wheel again was a mental challenge. It demanded coordination and it took concentration, difficult to do when confronted with possible panic, confusion, stress or a combination of all three.

The boat was well equipped with radar, maps and every kind of electronic communication so verifying our location without land in sight was one of the easier tasks. We chose to make a stop in Fernandina Beach, Florida. What our Captain remembered about this area and what we actually found were quite different. First we located the channel buoys, but our delight at finding them was short lived.

Despite following them carefully (red, right, returning), we could not locate a dock of any kind. It was well after dark and all we could see were fires from some big refineries. "This used to be a quiet little resort," the Captain said. I went below and called on the radio asking for some guidance from anyone listening. A friendly voice came on reporting that there was no dock master, the dock was closed for the winter.

We could take our chances, however, and pull up to the fuel dock anyway. "When you see several small sailboats at anchor," the voice said, "you should see the dock." Little did he know how much we needed to go ashore, nor was he aware of our size and our condition. Everything below was wet, everything. It all had to be pulled up on the deck and aired out. Hopefully there would be sun the next day to dry it all out.

It took three tries, making large circles and negotiating the tide, but we did pull up to the very end of the fuel dock. Bob jumped off and grabbed the lines. I threw the big fenders over the side. The next day was sunny so we took all the rugs, sheets, even some furniture out to dry. Our boat looked like a yard sale in progress. Walking on land felt good, too, although it took a while to readjust to the earth not shifting beneath our feet.

The next night we set out again. The Captain and I took turns sailing throughout the night and into morning. Bob had given up on us and on the ship and had flown home from Jacksonville Airport. Then it happened again.

"There's water leaking. Come quickly!" I yelled to the Captain. Grudgingly, he rolled out of his cot half expecting to see the tidal wave we had in the salon before. There was water but not nearly as much. The Captain had to rig up the hand pump he had purchased in Fernandina Beach along with hydraulic cement he had used to patch up the hole in the bow. Tying up the wheel, I dashed down

to look at the former hole in the bow but it was completely dry.

"Where is the water coming from this time?" I asked.

"Just look at the depth here!" replied the Captain. The bilge was practically shallow, no more than a foot or two deep. No wonder the salon had high ceilings, we were standing down on the very bottom of the boat! Most boats have fairly deep bilge areas. On top of this, the automatic bilge pump was not working because the generator had a broken part and couldn't function without it.

Awkwardly I carried the pump tubing up the steps to empty on the deck and over the side. The stairs were very steep, straight up and straight down. Down the second step I leaned forward and grabbed a metal pole which had braided rope around it at just that point. When the boat was toiling through ocean waves, this braided rope was a necessity for getting down below.

The hand pump worked reasonably well. The water had not risen too high but it had sloshed through the pantry door where the pots and pans were piled on the floor. They were filled with seawater. Water also splashed into the oven and the rugs were soaked once again. My feet were drenched, too. Despite being off the Florida coast, it was cold. It was exceptionally cold down below in this cement-walled, water-soaked salon.

This was the pattern as we trudged along ever so slowly heading south. Problems plagued with short intermissions of enjoyment. The winds continued to be unfavorable.

Again it happened while I was at the helm. The engine was our main source of power, the sails adding little momentum but enough to have them all up, including the staysail. The engine began making a strange sound. I lowered the throttle lever to slow it down but the noise continued. "Captain," I called. "There's something strange going on."

"Shut it off! Shut it off immediately!"

I did.

"Shut it off, I said!"

"It is off!" I shouted back. He ran down to the aft quarters and pulled up the floorboards.

"It's the drive shaft," he shouted. Peering down the back ladder I could see oily water sloshing in the area he had uncovered. I watched in disbelief as the Captain descended into the wet, oily hole. Blindly, because the shaft was below the flooring and there was no light, he groped and pulled and was able to disengage the broken part. He was soaked and filthy with black grease all over his hands and arms and oil on his clothes and in his hair.

The next problem was finding a replacement for the part. Without the engine, our progress rate was reduced to a mere one to two knots. Fortunately a replacement was found and back down the hole went the grubby Captain. After what seemed like a very long time he yelled, "Turn on the engine!" Nothing. Back down the hole for an adjustment. "Try again!" Success! Back up to 4.6 knots.

"This wheel doesn't seem to be doing anything, just spins 'round and 'round," I said to the Captain as he came up from a brief nap. He rushed to read the co-ordinates. Fortunately the sails had held us pretty true to course. We took off the compass dome and poured more oil. The wheel did not respond.

The Captain, who was still suffering from utter exhaustion, instructed me to revert to the tiller and then descended to his

cabin. Even with the cable tied around for leverage, this was challenging, particularly at night. The moon was on the wane. It was very dark on the upper deck. I was terrified of slipping but after my last fall, perhaps, I was unduly apprehensive.

It was a long night. Plenty of time to re-enact that disaster in my mind over and over as I shivered physically and emotionally while clinging to the tiller cable. Finally the clouds parted. Although there was no moon, the stars appeared and I was rewarded with their performance as they curved across the sky.

The wind reversed the next day and, for the first time, filled the sails. Adjustments were made for the new tack and we were up to eight knots in no time. Soon we could turn the engine off and really sail.

Sadly *The Talisman* never made it to Biloxi. She rounded the Keys, the wind being on the right side, but she ran aground near Tallahassee. It was not a violent bump. It was a soft landing, the depth finder still malfunctioning, but on impact the hull split on one side. The Captain admitted after the fact that he had his doubts as to the substructure.

When he had repaired the hole in the bow he had seen nothing in the way of a frame, no netting, no steel, nothing under the surface. Sure enough, the hull was only cement, no support. She must have been poured into a mold. Made in South Africa where there may have been few demands on her weatherwise, we supposed the cement had been more than adequate.

When the sorry event happened, the Captain threw the anchor to the side to tilt the boat away from the split as much as possible. Then he got on the radio. Harry of Tow Boat US *Carabelle* was summoned. He came to us, viewed the situation and conferred with the Captain. The next morning Harry returned with 50lbs of hydraulic cement, another pump, battery and a generator. It was 21 hours after the initial grounding.

Working through the night and low tide the Captain was able to repair and strengthen the hull. However, the blessed northern wind that had produced the calm sea condition was posed to change the next day. *The Talisman's* weakened hull could not have withstood a

real shakeup. Harry agreed to attempt the refloat at high water that evening. He arrived at 13:30 and trenched, dug and pulled carefully so as not to exert undue pressure on the vessel. *The Talisman* came free at 24:00 and was towed back to Carabelle, docking at 04:00 December 10.

The Captain was relieved of his command by the insurance company who took over. We do not know how much the owner had paid for the boat nor how much he had her insured for, but she was declared a total loss. Unable to live up to her name, *The Talisman* has taken her magic and luck with her and become part of an underwater seawall south of the tip of Florida.

The Captain is back to sailing smaller crafts. And I, well, I was not sorry to see the last of *The Talisman*. No, that is not really true. I had learned so much not only about this unique boat but also about myself. I could stay calm when a panic situation occurred. And I could handle the helm even when it became a huge tiller. I would never forget this journey and, in a funny way, I was grateful to have had the experience.





Every sailor has a story about who sparked their interest in boats and water. Each tale is interesting to tell and equally appealing to hear. For some it was a parent or neighbor or old salt who conned them into jumping aboard their Jon boat or fishing boat or dinghy to spend some time with the Gods of the Waters. So here is my story.

Roy Wheat was a North Dakota boy who violated the typical paths of males during the early '20s. He attended high school instead of scratching out a meager living, if not bare subsistence, on the farm. In an era when self sufficiency was the norm and a whole pen of hogs garnished a mere couple of bucks, women tilled vegetable gardens while the men planted and cut hay. Canning the fruits of their gardens and salting a bit of pork or beef sustained the family through the year. Hard currency was uncommon and difficult to attain.

Roy Wheat, in spite of the Germanic vexations of his mother, continued his education with the intent of entering dentistry, an unbelievable endeavor and a pipe dream according to the family. Worse, the Dakotas did not have a College of Dentistry and enrollment at the University of Minnesota was limited. While his mother carped about being too big for his britches, Roy travelled to Iowa City, Iowa, from the plains of Hope, North Dakota, in search of a dream. The few demeaning letters sent by his mother remained in his office desk throughout his life.

Upon graduation, Wheat surveyed Iowa and realized that the railroad crossroads of Marquette, Iowa, across the river from Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, had numerous itinerant railroad workers travelling through the town but no dentists. He immediately opened his office above a tavern called the Bucket of Blood. His first day he pulled 72 teeth even when one brutish railroad worker warned him that if the extraction hurt he was going to toss the newly minted dentist out of the second story window. Evidently it was painless.

Two concepts flourished as he established his practice on the Mississippi River, he could make a decent living working on people's teeth and he could find pleasure at the river. Soon he opened offices in nearby Waterville, Iowa, and the county seat, Waukon, riding the train for 50¢. He also started fishing the Mississippi River and the many trout streams running along the bluffs before disgorging the clear waters into Old Muddy.

Now known as Doc, Roy finally purchased an old aluminum boat with an equally ancient Johnson motor and kept them at the Wayne Wines boatyard in Harpers Ferry, which was indeed just a yard in front of Wayne's old decrepit shack. Wayne fashioned a bunch of washing machine rollers and a winch to a frame so Doc could pull his boat ashore without much strain. Doc always treated Wayne with kindness and dignity but from the paucity of teeth in Mr Wines' mouth it could be assumed that he was not a patient.

I know I was fairly young when I first commenced my voyages with Doc, and it was I who gave him the name "Feats." Evidently my brain function as a small child did not provided a schema whereby my mother could address my dad as "dad" and her father, Doc, could also be "dad." The solution was to proffer a name, "Daddy Wheat," to my grandfather. My blithe little tongue could only mutter "Daddy Feat." It rapidly became just plain old Feats and it was by this name he remained known until his death. My

## Feats

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

grandmother's name was Zonona and she became Nanny. Nanny and Feats became the two most wonderful people in my world and would be for a half a century.

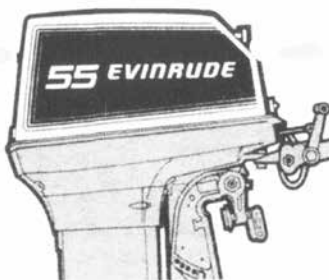
They lived just three doors away in the quaint little Iowa town of Waukon, the county seat of Allamakee County. The county was named after explorer Allan McKee who was among the first white trappers in the area. The French established Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, in the late 1600s as a trading post for mountain men of legend to trade furs for necessary goods. The local Sac and Fox slurred his name as Allamakee and that remained when they named the county.

Feats loved the river as much as the Indians who lived along its banks even when I was a small boy. He would occasionally stop to chat with Emma Big Bear who stood on a corner in Marquette selling homemade baskets (he should have bought a bunch because they are worth small fortunes today). He would invariably take me along on his fishing excursions as soon as I was old enough to don a life vest that was made of stale smelling canvas and kapok. We would sit for hours drowning worms with sincere hope that a bluegill or sunfish would commit suicide by impaling itself on our hooks.

The river town of Lansing built a small marina. Feats had always kept his little fishing boat at Harpers Ferry, a village that was merely two taverns, a church, a couple of houses and a general store. He could have purchased the entire town and surrounding acres for a few hundred dollars. However, in recent years the city folk have rediscovered Harpers Ferry and a speck of land large enough to build a small cabin sells for \$30,000 today. A condo there will sell for around \$200,000. Obviously Feats had little foresight and less investment astuteness.

Feats sold his boat and purchased a much larger Lone Star runabout with a 50hp Evinrude (the largest motor at the time was a 75hp Merc). His high sided boat made my parents a little happier and the marina made it easier for Feats to dock. Furthermore, the kind marina operators sold gas and provided repair service for a fee. The local gossip, blarney and bad jokes were free.

So every Thursday afternoon and Sunday Feats could be found on the river. Nanny was less than exuberant about the river, complete with drunken fisherman and barges, but I suspect that the stout lady found boarding and unboarding difficult and the ride less than comfortable to say little about the heat and humidity that Iowa corn loves but her people detest. Preferring an able bodied crew, Feats would consistently ask me to ride along.



The routine was invariably the same. We would load up his Buick with the requisite safety equipment, a cooler of beer and pop and some worms in case we decided to fish. Entering Lansing, we would stop at Gauntitz Meat Market to buy a ring of bologna or summer sausage. We would take off from the marina and my job was to wait for Feats to attain full speed, at which time I would open the spit cock and drain whatever water was on the deck. Then we would find a slough to fish. Catch a fish, clean a fish, cut off a piece of bologna with the same knife, and drink Nehi Strawberry pop while Feats did the same with a cold Hamm's beer from the Land of Sky Blue Waters.

I greatly loved Feats and he imparted the ways of the waters for me. Those had to be the best times ever. But it was the whole experience of a trip to the river that mattered. It was the exchange of jokes and gossip, the bologna and pop and the teasing of the river guys that hung around the marina. Great stories emanated from those adventures.

After every grand voyage Feats would stop at Sweeney's Tavern for one small glass of beer and to lie about the number and size of the fish we caught, complain about whatever was the complaint of the day, catch up on old friendships and gab about nothing of importance but essential to life on the river.

One day one of the bar regulars was deep into his beer and in immense pain from an infected tooth. Doc told him to come up to the office the next day and he'd administer to it. "Oh no," the local whined, "You damn dentists charge too much." Still he moaned and groaned in awesome agony. Clearly, everyone at the bar felt compassion for the old geezer, however, their patience had been tried to their limit. Finally Doc's patience also reached its zenith. He ordered a shot of Jack Daniels, reached into his tackle box and found a pair of pliers used to skin fish. He walked over to the sufferer, peered into his mouth of blackened teeth, saw the swollen gums around the severely infected tooth and promptly stuck his pliers into said mouth and extracted the cause of the disturbance. Quietly, he told the drunk to swish with the Jack Daniels and he would be good as new. Sixty years after the fact they still talk about the superior dentistry practiced at Sweeney's Tavern in Lansing.

Feats died suddenly in a fashion that should be replicated by all old boaters. He walked downtown to his office, put in a good day of work, came home and entertained guests for dinner at which time many laughs were had. After good food and good drinks, he said his goodbyes to his friends. He sat down on his bed, smoked a good cigar and quietly died of a stroke.

Feats has been gone for a long, long time but his memory still lingers around the river. Old people still tell me about their dentures created by my grandfather. Sometimes they even pull them out to show me. Some may find such display as gross and unpleasant but I know river people, know Feats' pride in his craftsmanship and appreciate their respect.

Sweeney's Tavern still stands in Lansing overlooking the Mississippi. It is a great place to view the barges and traffic, to hear bad jokes and gossip and to mellow out on a cold beer. An interested listener may be fortunate enough to hear the old timers talk about fish, boats, floods and a story about a dentist who loved the river.

On May 3, 2006, I was the first boat down the Allagash Wilderness Waterway in northern Maine. It was the first day the 100-mile park opened for the season. I certainly beat the black flies and mosquitoes, as well as the throngs of eager, but also noisy, summer camp and Boy Scout groups. I enjoyed the cold solitude sojourn, and thought it might be fun also to be the first paddler of the year 2013 around Maine's largest lake, Moosehead Lake (1,266 square miles).

Official ice-out from Greenville to Mt. Kineo, the halfway point of the lake, was at 2:22pm on April 28, 2013. "What about the northern half of the lake to Seboomook and the Northeast Carry, as well as for Spencer and Lily Bay?" I asked, but did not get an answer, only a cell phone number for the storekeeper at the Carry. He was not there and could not say. (Maybe he was in Florida, as so many Mainers are in winter; with a cell phone, you never know where the owners are.)

Anyway, the weather forecast for the following week was splendid. The last remnants of the winter ice would certainly melt by the time I got there, I figured confidently. I had a whole day to pack my gear and swing my 65 pound Kevlar solo sea canoe on my head in order to transfer it on top of my little VW Golf. Real early on April 30, 2013, Nancy and I were off from Orono, Maine to Greenville. She had decided to come along for the ride and also pick me up at the end of my trip, so I would not have to leave my car unattended for eight days at the put-in ramp. Vandalism of personal property is getting worse, even in northern Maine – why chance it. Her instant reward for being such a supportive spouse was seeing snow-clad Mount Katahdin in the distance, and a big moose along the road on the way up and going home as well. A couple of loons and a gaggle of Canada geese made the put-in special, she quietly mused.

The big lake looked great, uniformly rimmed with rich green pine, spruce, hemlock and cedar. All deciduous trees, the maples, birches, poplars, oaks, beech and ash trees, were still bare, waiting to show their green summer leaves and later their splendid colors in Fall. There were mountain ranges to the west, Moose Mt. (formerly Squaw Mt.), and an equally impressive mountain range to the east and northeast leading up to Maine's highest, still snow-and-ice-capped, mountain, Mt. Katahdin.



I am off!

I put in at the well-appointed public dock at Greenville Junction, smack dab under the Canadian Pacific Railway bridge. My plan was to circumnavigate the large lake in a clockwise direction in eight days, first, up the western shore to Seboomook and the North-

## Ice-Out on Moosehead Lake A Solo Canoe Circumnavigation

By Reinhard Zollitsch  
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east Carry, then south again and into Spencer and Lily Bay and eventually back to Greenville. My first day's paddle was a 16 mile to Lambs Cove inside Sand Bar Point. When I circumnavigated Moosehead Lake in 1995, it had taken me eight hours to get there; it was very windy (a strong NW 20), and I was paddling an open 16' solo whitewater racing canoe – not the best boat choice for a big lake (but back then, it was the only solo canoe I had.) This time, in my Verlen Kruger solo sea canoe, I did it in half the time, 4 hours, at my usual speed of 4 miles per hour (15 minutes per mile).



First overnight in Lambs Cove.

Ice was still clinging to the shoreline, especially in shaded bights facing north. Loons were everywhere, communicating with each other in that distinctive, eerie yodel-like song, which I still have not been able to duplicate. Alongshore I heard several ravens, likewise talking to each other in their less melodious, raucous repertoire of much rougher sounding songs. Otherwise the lake was still. Fishing season would not start for another day, May 1. In the evening, a chorus of peepers and an occasional owl joined the loons, who kept up their songs all night. It stirred memories of previous solo trips to the north country, as well as family trips down the Allagash River and on Lobster, Flagstaff and the Rangely Lakes.

"Friendly" shore ice.



Next morning greeted me with warming sunshine. Since the night was cold, in the upper thirties. I wore my polypropylene long johns, polar fleece sweater and vest, wool socks and cap plus my aluminum-faced survival blanket over my mummy sleeping bag. My hot coffee tasted doubly good that morning and heated both me and my tent – I could clearly see my breath in the air before my face.

It felt good being back in my boat with knee-high polar-fleece socks in my neoprene mukluks, Gore-Tex jacket over my long-sleeved poly shirt, poly gloves and warm hat, as well as my warming, zip-up life jacket. This was my Mt. Kineo day. All day I saw this distinctive, mid-lake mountain before, beside and behind me. It looked more like an over-sized glacial drumlin, having a steeper edge on one side, towards the east, and gradually sloping down to the west. Only it was not made of glacial gravel and rock, but was a 700' high big chunk of igneous flint-like rhyolite.



Drumlin-shaped Mount Kineo.

For over 11,000 years native Americans used this stone to shape arrow and spear heads and other tools, like ax heads and "ulus" (meat/fur scrapers; one of my favorite archeological terms, which I learned from my daughter Brenda, when she was working on a University dig around Gilman Falls/Old Town). Since I had climbed to the top of Mt. Kineo before with Nancy, I pressed on past the two Kennebec River outlet streams as well as the mouth of the Moose River into Socatean Bay, a very remote looking, deep bight, a good ways beyond Rockwood.



Into Socatean Bay.

I found a lovely sandspit, littered with driftwood, where I blended perfectly into the scenery. I again enjoyed a chorus of peepers and frogs, as well as lots of loons and a family of ravens. Life was good, but a tad on the cold side.

Almost all next day I paddled northeast towards a surprisingly flat horizon. There were mountains on either side of me, but not ahead. Like the old steamship, *Katahdin*, I was headed for the old logging station, Seboomook, in Northwest Cove. From here

and other lake locations, this old steamship (built in 1914 by Bath Iron Works, Maine) was hauling supplies, livestock and passengers. Eventually it only hauled log booms to the sawmills in Greenville, as late as 1975. The “Grande Dame of the Lake” was then renovated, became part of the Moosehead Marine Museum, and in 1985 started “hauling” tourists to Mt. Kineo and occasionally also all the way up to Seboomook. Fall is a very special time to see this big lake, especially with all its colorful foliage. Both Nancy and I loved our fall outings on the *Katahdin* a few years ago.

Moosehead Lake splits into two bays up north, forming sort of a “Y”, while the horizon is flat as a pancake. It feels as if the lake could spill over its banks towards the north, but no, it drains to the south, via the two outlet streams into the Kennebec River, which empties into the Atlantic below Bath, at Popham Beach. Just north of the “Y” the map shows the West Branch of the Penobscot River, which has its own huge south-flowing watershed, emptying past Bangor and Bucksport at Stockton Springs into the Atlantic. As a matter of fact, there is a short 2-mile carry from the Northeast Carry into the upper Penobscot. Henry Thoreau and his Penobscot Indian guide Polis took this route in 1857 and even traversed into the next big watershed, that of the Allagash River, which flows into the St. John River, which, to nobody’s surprise, empties into the Atlantic at St. John, New Brunswick, Canada.

Three significant watersheds are rubbing shoulders here in a very small area. I have jumped from one to the other many times, and each time, it was a most delightful thought realizing that I could have ended up in Popham Beach or Stockton Springs, Maine, or St. John, New Brunswick, depending on what brief portage I took.

Seboomook is not much to look at, but did you know that between 1944 and 1946 close to 1,500 German POWs, mostly from Rommel’s Africa Corps, were camped out here working in the surrounding woods cutting pulpwood for the paper mills in Millinocket? (I had not known that either, until I recently read about it.) So I hope you can understand why I would not feel comfortable camping out there.



Looking south from Seboomook Point.

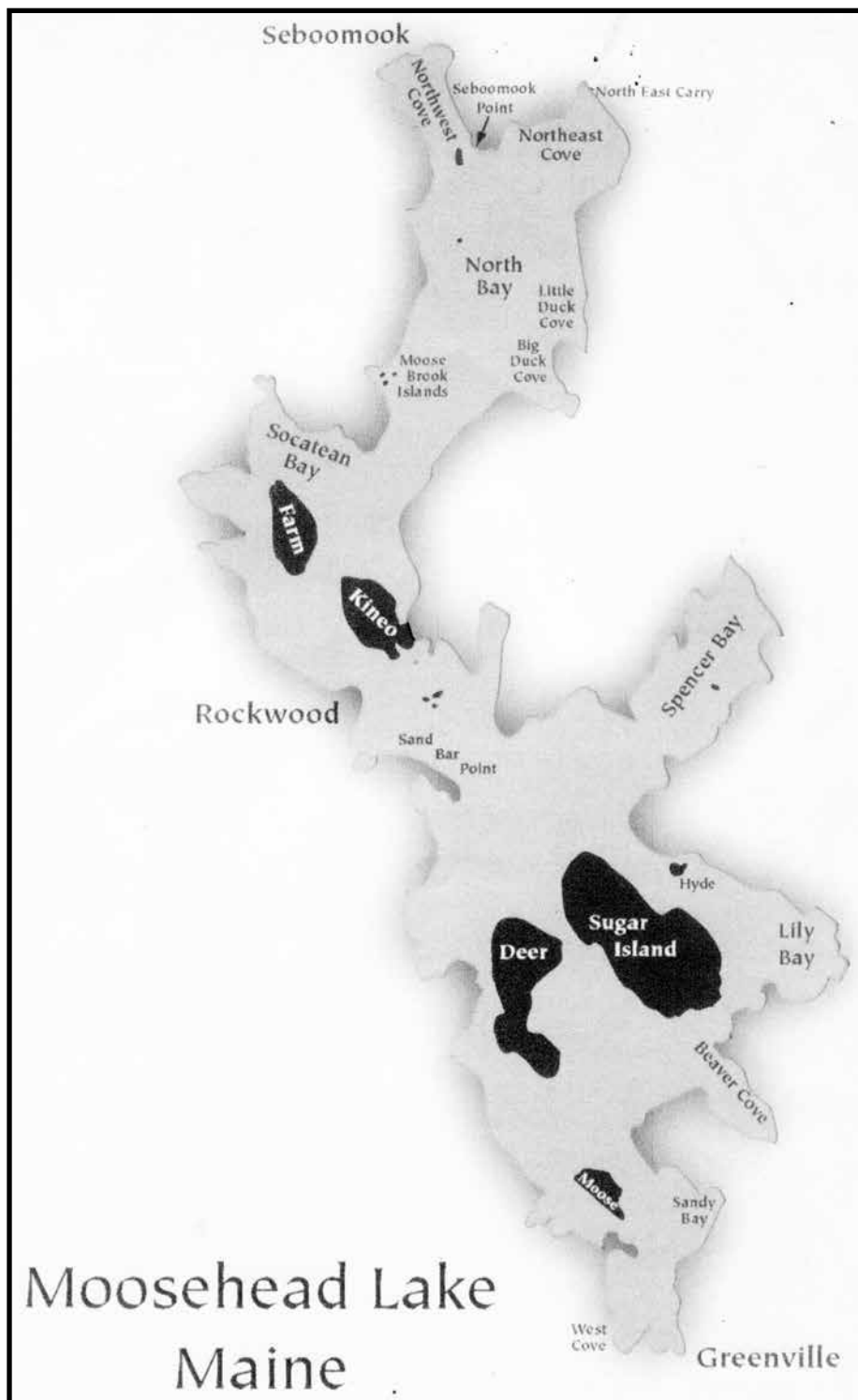
Instead, I decided to move on to Seboomook Point, at the center of the “Y”. It has a most beautiful little campsite with a spectacular view down the big lake. Take-out is on a smooth, sloping slate ledge – a definite repeat in my book. I paddled today’s 14 miles in only 3.5 hours, leaving lots of time for reading and writing. And I thought to myself, that Maine winters are very much defined by two data: first, the total snowfall of the season, indicating how much “fun in the sun” (make that snow) Mainers were hav-

ing, skiing and snow-shoeing, but also how much shoveling and roof-raking had to be done, which could translate into an overall winter-fatigue and specific back and shoulder problems. Last winter’s 78” of snow was a good winter, but some Mainers might disagree with me. I like both the fun activities as well as the shoveling and roof-raking, within reason: the workout does wonders to keep me in shape for early spring paddling!

The second definition of a Maine winter is ice-out on Moosehead. You can go to the web and find out when that was, starting with 1848, 165 years ago. (Most dates lie between day 120 and 145 each year, counted numerically.) The later the date, the “harder” the winter was; in other words: the thicker and harder

this big lake freezes over, the harder and longer the deep winter was, and of course the longer it will take to thaw. However, you can also add up your fuel bills for the winter to get to that conclusion, but how much fun is that?

The night was cold again, no surprise, but the sun rose brilliantly as I paddled over to the Northeast Carry. As already mentioned, the store owner had not yet returned from warmer climes (me thinks). I took a quick picture of the carry trail sign and was off around Northeast Cove and down the western side of the lake past stunning, densely wooded shores and mountains (Norcross, Eagle, Little Kineo and Shaw), where I crossed over to the northern tip of Kineo, known as Hardscrabble Point. It is a 2-mile open water crossing,



which could get very dicey, especially in a NW wind funneling between Shaw and Mt. Kineo. I well remember surfing my 16' open racing canoe behind Mt. Kineo to the portage into Frog Pond. That was rough, wet and a bit too sporty; there was no way to get around Hardscrabble Point that year.



Northeast Carry.

The Hardscrabble campsite was large; so were a couple of very mature birch trees, which looked as if they could split or tumble over onto the tent sites. I learned my lesson years ago at the official Allagash Falls campsite, where a tree fell on my tent during a rainstorm at night. Fortunately the trunk missed me, but branches hit my tent and bent my tent frame. A chainsaw would help here and provide a lot of firewood for the campers.



View north from Hardscrabble Point.



Bear sign at my tent site?

When I packed up the next morning, I suddenly noticed two sets of very deep, fresh gouge marks in the sitting plank right in front of my tent on the lake shore (not under those big old trees). There were two sets of four splintery rakes about a foot apart. My big dog Willoughby could have left marks like that in hard clay, when he was digging vigorously, only these here were much bigger and deeper and in a hard driftwood plank. I knew there were no dogs here...so was I visited by a BEAR? I will never know. I was in Lala-land and did not hear a thing, which may have been a good thing, since I hate to use my bear-spray, and do not really know whether it works anyway, since I have never had to use it up to now. Whew!

So on we go. I had been looking forward to the next day, ever since I decided to round Moosehead. I followed the steep shores to the start of the two hiking trails (Bridal and Indian Trail), then around the corner to a magnificent rock slide. Coming by here a few days ago, I clearly heard rocks tumbling off the cliffs, even though I did not see it happen. I took some more pictures with my new digital camera. It made me smile thinking back to last year's trip around Penobscot Bay, where I stumbled on some loose rocks and slammed my old camera to smithereens, trying to catch my fall.

I then took a brief detour into Kineo Cove, where the old classic hotel used to be, a true landmark and symbol of earlier vacationers from the big cities of Boston, New



What's left of the old Mt. Kineo Inn.



Mount Kineo reflections.



Snow still covers summit of Mt. Katahdin.

Left to right: Big and Little Spencer Mts.



York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, who made the long trek up here by train to Portland, packet (coastal steamship) to Bangor, horse-drawn stagecoach to Greenville and eventually by boat to Kineo, to escape the summer's heat in the big cities. Maine's ocean coast and northern lakes were that time's favorite "air conditioning". (Their trip must have seemed as long as my sentence talking about that.) :-)

From there I paddled in a westerly direction towards The Narrows into Spencer Bay. I had remembered this spot as one of the most spectacular overnights of my 1995 trip. The campsite has a great view of both Little and Big Spencer Mountain, as well as still snow-clad Mt. Katahdin in the distance. What a place, and it was as dramatic and quiet as ever.

Paddling deeper into Spencer Bay was less exciting. The stunning mountain silhouette disappeared behind the shore tree line, and the bay got shallower and rockier. At the head of the bay I encountered a trailer colony of fishermen, all over-eager to catch "the Big One" on the first day of the 2013 fishing season. I felt a lot of hecticcy in the air and witnessed pot-bellied older guys huffing to get their boats in the water, their fishing gear ready and poling into deeper water, so the propellers could finally catch solid water. They totally ignored me, crossed my bow within a few feet and, nervously, impatiently gestured for me to get out of their way, which I gladly did.

I got back to the Narrows and from there to a lovely site in Galusha Cove on big Sugar Island. When I left the next morning, the splendid weather pattern had changed. The sky was overcast, and a 10 knot westerly had sprung up. I rounded Sugar Island into very shallow Lily Bay and cruised past popular Lily Bay State Park, but nobody was stirring there. I crossed big Beaver Cove, rounded Burnt Mountain to the south, and then did the one-mile crossing to Moose Island. My chart indicated two campsites here, but neither materialized. So I decided to do some seawall camping in a cove still sporting a big ice shelf.

The seawall needed only minimal landscaping/leveling and was as comfortable as all my previous seawall camps along the Maine, Nova Scotia or Newfoundland shores. It was distinctly too cold for my habitual BDS (brief daily swim), but a sponge bath all over felt refreshing and invigorating enough. Only my feet got cold standing barefoot in the freezing water.



Ice-shelf sponge-bath – brrrrr.

Coffee and cocoa tasted as good as ever, with me sitting on my Crazy Creek chair in my sleeping bag, already wearing double socks, poly suit and polar fleece sweater. My brief safety check-in with Nancy via satellite phone as well as my personal locator beacon, my SPOT, which allows her and other family members to see exactly where I am on a

Google Earth map on their computer, worked flawlessly, as always – well, almost always. Tomorrow was going to be my last day on the lake. I had to arrange a pick-up for 10:30am.

And there she was at the head of the pier in Greenville, cheerfully waving and recording my landing with her camera. Since the boat ramp was empty, loading my gear and boat back in/on my little VW Golf was no problem. We picked up a haddock sandwich and coffee for me at the store across the road (grilled cheese and fruit juice for Nancy), and we were off, almost due south, back to Orono.



Steamship *Katahdin* docked in Greenville.

It was another great trip, even better than expected. I cannot remember a better 8-day weather window than on this trip. The sun was out almost every day, the wind was never more than 10 knots, and there was no rain to speak of; only the nights were still quite cold. Moosehead Lake itself was ice-free all the way, even though ice was still clinging to shaded shorelines facing north. Except for a group of fishermen out on the lake near Rockwood and in Spencer Bay on the first day of the 2013 fishing season (May 1), the lake was empty, except for loons, mergansers, Canada geese, a few cormorants and several ravens. The shoreline was a solid evergreen of spruce, pine, hemlock and cedar. The deciduous trees were still bare poles.

Yes, there were numerous utilitarian fishing camps, modest weekend get-aways and also elaborate, costly summer homes

along certain stretches of the lake. But as yet I could not see any humungous, intrusive development from my boat perch. Things had changed somewhat since my last circumnavigation in 1995, but not very much. Moosehead is still a very large, spectacular body of water, a good distance away from any major city. It takes an effort to get there, but it rewards you with stunning scenery, as well as giving you the feeling of being on a big bay along the Maine Atlantic coast, which appeals to me. And like the Maine Island Trail along the Atlantic, Moosehead Lake also has numerous, well laid out, free backwoods campsites.

Coming into the landing in Greenville, I was all smiles. This was a great trip, a trip I really enjoyed. Thanks, Nancy, for doing the car-shuttle and for being such great company to and from my put-in. I will certainly be back – maybe next time in late fall when the foliage is at its peak, and most tourists and mosquitoes are gone (i.e. everything that might bug me). We'll see. Stay tuned.



End of trip.

#### Info/Summary

100-mile round trip in 8 days, including car shuttles from Orono, Maine (leisurely 12.5 miles per day)

Maps: Moosehead Lake, De Lorme Publishing Co., Freeport, Maine 04032

Maine ice-out dates: [www.maine.gov/doc/parks/programs/boating/ice\\_out.html](http://www.maine.gov/doc/parks/programs/boating/ice_out.html)

Henry Thoreau: *The Maine Woods* (any edition).

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Neptune be praised, we're finally on the water in cruising mode! What is supposed to be "summer," during this first week of August, is already behaving a lot more like fall, warm sunny days and cool nights, but that's OK with me. Fall is my favorite season here on the French shore. Better still, it's not raining 48 hours out of every 72 hours. For a while there, it was getting hard to remember what the sun looked like, never mind what it felt like.

When I left you last month, *Ellie-Xander* had been out for two short "cruises." (Please indulge me, I'll probably keep on calling them cruises.) The policies and procedures manual is being refined. Arrivals and departures are now looking a lot more ship-shape.

The spruce and wits auxiliary propulsion system has, thus far, proven to be adequate to the task, at least for purposes of getting underway and bringing her back to the float once inside the breakwater. It has yet to be tested in a long pull (or, more accurately, push) home. Thus far, the winds have been benign and mostly cooperative. There are plans to add a rowing bench to deal with the inevitable day when the wind falls away to nothing about five minutes before we've decided it might be wise to come about and get closer to home port. I might tackle that next week. The sculling apparatus is on indefinite hold, pending extra time and inspiration. I'll eventually try it, more out of curiosity than necessity.

Those two short cruises mentioned in the previous installment were quite pleasant, despite the lack of crew. Kathy has yet to make it into the boat this season because she often doesn't know if she will be available until the morning we're going out. So far she hasn't been. Consequently, I end up calling other potential crew at the last minute. This has the disadvantage that most folks have already made plans for the day and aren't available either. It has the advantage that I don't have to share the ship's stores with anyone except the parrot (just kidding about the parrot). On the second of these trips it was my daughter's gourmet class homemade peanut butter chocolate chip cookies. I would have shared, of course, but was not aggrieved that I didn't have to.

I'm pleased to say that the sea trials have gone well and we've pretty much got the inevitable minor kinks out. *Ellie-Xander* is as nicely behaved a boat as I could ever ask for. I'm still tinkering with the self steering system for light airs solo sailing, but what I have (a pair of bungie cords and two conveniently located U straps) is serviceable until a brilliant new idea emerges from the mush between my ears, or I just get around to building a regular tiller comb.

On the first of those short trips, the much lamented Bay of Fundy fog appeared. That kept me confined to the little bay east of the big wharf. It seemed egregiously adventurous to go wandering off into the mist, possibly losing sight of the land, on my first real trip out on the bay in a new boat. The fog drifted back and forth and was never so thick as to cause alarm. Never so thick that I was out of sight of the land. Truth be told, it seemed almost appropriate, after the way I went on about it in Chronicle No 6.

Happily, a nice little sailing breeze held on for the afternoon. So the outing was good fun but I did get a sobering lesson in the value of "local knowledge." I was sailing at high tide slack water, barging around the little bay on a series of broad reaches with nary a care

## St Mary's Bay Chronicles No 9

### "We're Havin' Fun Now!"

By Ernie Cassidy  
Kudos or Brickbats may be sent to  
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in the world. So it was a bit of a shock when I stopped by a couple of days later, after a big rain, to check the bilges. At low tide that seemingly friendly, safe little bay had several cone shaped basalt boulders sticking up from an otherwise benign sandy bottom. At full high tide the hull would have made it over all of them, but I don't care to speculate about what would have happened if the centerboard had fetched up on one of the larger ones at reaching speed.

On the second trip, I finally made a circumnavigation of the red buoy. Remember the red buoy? (It's getting to be kind of like Wagner's "Ring Cycle," with the red buoy.) That felt like a real accomplishment, at least until I actually went around it and looked back towards the shore. In the 12' *Pamplemousse* that buoy looked a long way off. However, that was measured against how far/long I thought I could swim in water as cold as St Mary's Bay in November if something untoward happened and she swamped, as very nearly happened, you may recall.

Sitting in the 16' C&L, which is pretty much immune to swamping (she'll float with all the water she can carry and even sail after a fashion, or so I'm told), on a warm July afternoon, the shore looked hardly any distance at all and the feeling of accomplishment seemed diminished in proportion. But, "Deck ahoy!" There's a green buoy that I hadn't even noticed before, much further out. That became the goal for the next cruise.

There was enough weight of wind on this first trip that I never got into the ship's stores, too busy to even pour out a mug of tea. On the other hand, with this much wind, I could go where I pleased and not worry about what the tide was up to. It was no problem to drive the boat against the receding tide. Not a reefing breeze, mind you, just steady and solid.

The second trip was a different matter altogether. Winds were very light, lots of time for tea and cookies and not so steady. I'm sure the jib would have perked her up a bit, but given how quickly conditions can change out there, I consider the jib to be a full compliment evolution; i.e., at least two people in the boat. Three sheets to handle, and no one to steer if I have to leap forward and smother the jib at a moment's notice, does not make for a relaxing afternoon on the water if it suddenly breezes on fresh.

Under these conditions, I want to know when and which way the tide will be running so I'm not fighting to get back against a foul stream. This requires a re-think of the old small boat notion that one always heads off to windward to have an easy run home. To give you an idea of what the stream can be like, at one point I hit "equilibrium." On a puff, we'd gain a bit over the ground; in a lull, we'd slide backwards. Otherwise, we stayed in place. Kind of odd to see the sail full, even if the sheet was a bit limp in the hand, ripples and whorls trailing off the stern, but making nothing over the ground, despite making 3-3½ knots through the water.

Luckily, the wind was hauling around towards the NW and it started to come on with a bit more authority. No problem getting back to the marina and no need to resort to the auxiliary propulsion system except for the "maneuvering combination" (what they called it on the aircraft carrier) as we approached the float.

My next opportunity to get out was on an overcast day with hardly enough wind to blow out a candle. I had gone to the marina, after yet another downpour, mostly to bail out the boat and fiddle with some little equipment details. Once all the chores were done, I sprawled on the boat cushions, enjoying the scenery, the air and the quiet goin's on seen and heard in any small harbor on a Sunday afternoon. Emboldened by the success of the auxiliary propulsion system, and having brought along the usual supply of tea and cookies, I thought I'd simply row out of the harbor and have a little drift in that bay mentioned above.

The incoming tide makes a huge eddy around the end of the breakwater and *Ellie-Xander* was moving along at something we used to call "All ahead, processional" on the Tancook whaler. Once the cookies were gone and a mug of tea was consumed, the faintest wisp of a breeze appeared and seemed to hold the promise of more to come. So up went the mainsail and off we went to examine the green buoy. Alas, the wind failed to deliver on the promise and I ended up out by the red buoy on a falling tide. This time there was no equilibrium, it was break out the oars, or the anchor, or start the long drift to Ireland.

About this time, Delbé and Mary, who'd gone out in their Whitehall (to terrorize the local mackerel population), hove up alongside and asked if I would like a tow. My pride said I should refuse and fire up the spruce auxiliary. My practical side said it would be a neat way to visit two of my oldest and staunchest friends. As we approached the breakwater, the wind suddenly came on smartly and before long I was sailing faster than they could row pulling four oars. Del cast off my bowline and they headed into the marina to clean a heap of fish (something like 40 of 'em, they told me later) and I bore off to do a couple of laps around the little bay.

Kind of reminded me of the "old days" when I'd take the dirt bike to the long abandoned sand pit and just bomb around for an hour, to no purpose beyond enjoying the sensations of riding the bike. Time well wasted, I say.

I finally had crew for the next trip out in the boat, the same Mary I just mentioned. She hadn't sailed a small boat since she was in her 20s, and when I first asked if she wanted to go out in the C&L, she lit right up but said, "...only if there are light winds and not much sea running." This has been my image of Mary

for the 35 years I've known her, always organized, meticulously well prepared and scrupulously cautious. None of this "Oh, light winds. I'll just sit on this life jacket rather than strap it on." Not our Mary.

Well, guess what, even after a 40-year hiatus, you put her hand on a tiller and she turns into Dennis Connor.

Mary, "Aren't you going to put the jib on!?"

"Uhhmm, no I wasn't going to. I think you'll find she'll do pretty well on the main alone."

We cleared the breakwater and took the full weight of the breeze and in no time we were getting the rub rail wet.

Mary, "Bear off! Give her a fill. She pounds a bit, doesn't she!?"

"Well, yeah, if you drive 'er some. Lots of flat hull between those chines. And there is a bit of sea running on top of this swell."

And there was, indeed, a swell. Wow, real ocean sailing, small boat division. That swell, which would have been barely perceptible from the helm of the 45' Tancook whaler, looked mighty impressive when sitting in a 16' boat with my butt on the same plane as the ocean's surface.

She asked, "Where do you want to go?"

I replied, "How 'bout we go round the green buoy?"

"Helm's alee!" she cried, as that cockpit sweeper boom started for the other rail.

Once again, I found myself asking why, when I had the sail loft add a row of reef points to the mainsail, I didn't ask them to take a 6" wedge off the foot of the sail to cock that aluminum spar up like a "proper" sailing vessel's boom. I may do that this winter.

My goodness me, you'd have thought there was a trophy waiting to be claimed back on the dock. In no time at all, we were going around the green buoy. This time, looking back to the shore, we were quite a ways out. Further out than I'd ever been in a boat this small. Much further out, and it would be like driving through the desert, tearing right along, with no sense of actually getting anywhere.

I don't think I have the makin's of a blue water sailor. I'd be afraid of dying of boredom most of the time. And then, there are those other times when I'd be afraid of dying because a spreader just collapsed or that dribble around the garboard has suddenly become a torrent. But, I digress.

Falling back on her old programming, Mary suggested we head upwind for a while, so we'd have no trouble getting back to the marina.

I said, "You've got the helm, so do what you like. But if this wind holds, we can go wherever we want and won't have any trouble getting back." Then, being unemployed, I broke out the thermos of tea and some Danish pastries. Among the other things Mary is cau-

tious about, she's pretty picky about her diet. Keeps a close eye on the cholesterol level.

I was thinking I should have brought oatmeal raisin flax wood fired brick oven baked cookies rather than the sticky sweet Danish pastries (which had been handed to me by Kathy, who wanted them out of the house). Mary took one look at the Danish, melting sugar glaze glistening in the late afternoon sun, scooped one up and wolfed it down as if it were a cure for high cholesterol. Wow!

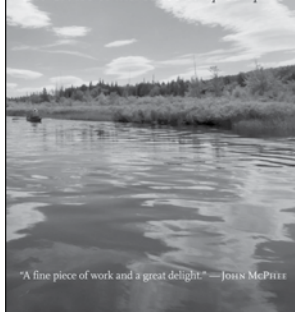
Finally, after some exhilarating broad reaches, it was time to head back to the marina. Mary insisted on sailing right up to the float, which I thought was a bit bold, never having tried it myself. I went up forward to tend the bowline. At one point, we were proceeding rather determinedly towards a 15' high wall of 6"x6" creosoted timbers. I didn't say anything but found myself thinking, "Now would be a good time to tack." Apparently Mary didn't agree. Pretty soon I was thinking, "If we bang into that wharf at this speed, it will probably take the mast off her, at the least." Alas, not a peep from the helm.

Finally, she tacked, about a boat length from the wharf. I took a much needed breath. Then, as gently as a new mother putting her first baby into its crib, Mary laid *Ellie-Xander* alongside the float as if she'd been doing it twice a week all her life. Wow°!

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### Buoy Out in Panama City

I am not sure just what BMI Riggsby passed up the chain of command to the skipper but in the few days we were still in port the skipper sent for me to report to him in the wardroom. The *Salvia*'s area of responsibility was from Mobile west to Texas. The cutter *Blackthorn* (WLB 391) area of responsibility was from Mobile east to St Marks, Florida. The captain explained that the *Blackthorn* was in drydock and they had a buoy light out in Panama City Pass. Since this was my "old backyard" as he put it, he wanted me to go with two chiefs in the TICWAN and repair the buoy.

TICWAN was an acronym for Trailerable Intra Coastal Waterway Aids to Navigation boat. This was a fiberglass tri hull boat 18' long and sported a 45hp Chrysler outboard motor. I suggested to the skipper that we launch the boat from St Andrews State Park near the jetties as that would be the closest launching ramp. We departed early the next morning. Since there was a Chief Boatswain's Mate to be in charge of this "mission" and a Chief Engineman as the boat engineer and since I was only a seaman, I took little interest in the details of getting the Dodge truck and hooking up the trailer to drive from Mobile to Panama City. Interstate 10 was not yet built so we traveled east along on US 90.

We arrived without incident and launched the boat. It took a bit of coaxing but the motor finally started and we went out through the pass to the buoy and tied the

## Capt Dan Reporting

**Editors Note:** Capt Dan is a lifelong boater/boat builder who served four years in the Coast Guard and was honorably discharged as a Boatswain's Mate 1st class (E6). After boot camp at Cape May, New Jersey, he was assigned to an icebreaking tug out of Governor's Island, New York, where he served nine months before being transferred as a seaman (E3) to the Coast Guard Cutter *Salvia* (WLB-400) a 180' seagoing buoy tender out of Mobile, Alabama. When he had been aboard the *Salvia* for only a few days he was sent with two Chief Petty officers to Panama City, Florida, to relight a buoy.

After leaving the Coast Guard he obtained his 100-ton Ocean License with a commercial towing endorsement.

boat up to one of the lifting eyes. It was a gorgeous bright sunshiny summer day with little wind and, since this was a weekday, there were no boats to be seen anywhere. The reason the buoy lantern was out was that all the bulbs had burned out. Buoy lanterns have a lamp changer with four or five bulbs (depending on the brand of lamp changer) that will cause them to automatically rotate to the next bulb should one burn out. We changed the bulbs and tested the lantern and found that it was all OK, so we buttoned it up and prepared to leave.

Then the trouble began as the Chrysler refused to start. Both Chiefs alternately cursed and worked on it. It was then that I looked around the boat for the first time. We had no PFDs (lifejackets), no radio, no pyro (flares), no water, no rations, no paddles, no nothing! I asked the Chief Boatswain's Mate where our PFDs were? He didn't answer and he and the other chief continued to curse and crank the motor. The motor was flooded and gas was running out and into the water. They continued to crank and crank the motor and cuss. I sat in the front of the boat.

Finally just short of killing the battery they gave up and just sat there. I was thinking what a fine mess this is. This is supposed to be THE Coast Guard, THE RESCUE EXPERTS and we can't even go change a few light bulbs. After a few minutes I told them that I could start the motor. They laughed at me and asked what made me think that I could crank it when they could not. I told them that if they would get out of the way I would show them.

It was starting to get really hot and since they had nothing better to do they got out of the way. I went back and the first thing that I did was disconnect the fuel line to the motor. The Chief Engineman asked me what I was doing. I told him that I was going to start the motor. He said not like that, you have to have the fuel line hooked up. I went back to the controls and after cranking for a few seconds the motor fired then spit a few times and started to run. I casually went back and hooked the fuel line back up. The chief said "Well, what'll you know!" to which I replied, "I know Chief that you had flooded the motor and every time you cranked on it the fuel pump was keeping it flooded." The two chiefs sat in silence as I ran the boat back to the landing.

When we got back to the landing and walked up to the truck, the Chief Boatswain's Mate realized that he had somehow lost the

truck keys! After a brief discussion it was decided to break the vent window to unlock the driver's door, which we did. We then removed the switch and hotwired the truck to start it. It had rained the night before and there was a soggy cardboard box in the back of the truck that contained a bunch of rusty cans of food. Most of the labels had gotten wet and come off. We had no can opener so I used my stainless steel GI pocketknife to open a can, which turned out to be peaches.

After loading the boat on the trailer I ate the whole can using my knife as a fork as we drove back to Base Mobile. When we drove through the main gate, we could see that the *Salvia* was gone. We drove down to the end of Bay 5 and walked into the radio room. The radioman had a message for us to meet the ship in Gulfport, Mississippi. We took the TICWAN back to its parking spot and unhooked the trailer and left Mobile for Gulfport. When we arrived in Gulfport we went into the Coast Guard Station and there was a message for us to meet the ship in Pascagoula.

The chase went on for two more days and nights with us still driving the hotwired truck! I remember we were somewhere in a roadside park along US 90 sitting at a picnic table wearing now filthy uniforms opening rusty cans with my pocketknife when a kid sitting at the next table said, "Momma, what are those men over there?"

Finally back in Gulfport, Irving, Dimmer and a boat engineer met us at the Coast Guard Station in SAL 2, an almost brand new 24' motor cargo boat with a 3-53 Detroit Diesel. The other ships boat, *SAL 1*, was an ancient motor whaleboat that had a Buda Diesel that seldom ran. When we got to the ship she was working buoys in the ship channel and we had to wait until they completed the one that they had on deck before someone piped, "Now all hands not actually on watch lay to the number 2 boat deck."

Launching and recovering the ship's boats were known as all hands evolutions. A boatswain's mate was always in charge, then there were the men that handled the forward and aft falls. The falls were lines that ran through blocks and picked the boat up. The falls were led aft to the towing windlass and run over winch drums to raise and lower the boat in the davit. Another man operated the windlass controls. It then took eight men to crank the davits in or out, four men were required on the forward and four men on the aft davits. One man handled the sea painter, which was a bow line off the ship's boat that would tow the boat in the event that there was a problem with the davits.

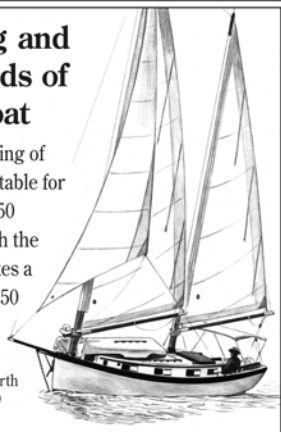
Normally the ship would be underway when launching and recovering a boat. If the ship had way on and the boat was only suspended by the falls in the davits with no sea painter the boat could easily be flipped over which would throw the boat crew overboard. As soon as the boat was secured in the cradle, I went to the mess deck and got a cup of coffee and related to BMI Riggsby the story of how the chiefs had been so unprepared. If he was surprised, he didn't let on.

I vowed to myself that from this day forward, I was NOT going to take anything for granted, that I was responsible for ME. I never heard anything else about the matter but within a few weeks both chiefs were transferred to other units. I soon learned that personnel problems in the Coast Guard were often dealt with via transfers.

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John and Craig head for the start line, behind them some formidable competition...



...but only John is aboard at the finish!

After successfully displaying his new Savo 650D racing rowing boat at the Wooden Boat Show at Mystic Seaport in late June, Rodger Swanson, who brings us Oarsman Marine Tallow and sundry other traditional rowing items (<http://www.oarsmanmarinetallow.com>), decided that entering it in the Blackburn Challenge in mid July at Gloucester, Massachusetts, would be an appropriate debut afloat, being that this is the premier open water rowing race on the East Coast. Rodger successfully lined up a previous top finishing fixed seat double racing crew, John Struziery and Craig Robinson for this on the water test to see just how good was this Finnish boat. After a tryout the crew decided to forego their usual fixed seat double class copy of John Gardner's famous Herreshoff pulling boat, *Green Machine*, in favor of the Savo.

Getting wind of this, with the Blackburn taking place only a 15-mile trip from here, I joined Rodger and Shirley to see how it all worked out. It was not to happen as anticipated. Pre-race contemplation focused on how well the crew would adapt to the boat and could they bring it home at the front or near it. Neither was to be realized.

The organizers ended up placing the Savo in the "Open Class" despite its traditional type hull and double sliding seat rowing rig. This meant they were off with the early starting fast sliding seat shells, tough competition indeed.

Watching a race that will take three hours or so around a 20-mile ocean shoreline cannot be enjoyed from a single spot so we headed around Cape Ann in my truck to selected vantage points at little known street ends known to me from prior Blackburns. In my pickup driving on a faster and shorter inside line, we could always get there ahead of the leading boats.

Several miles along the Ipswich Bay side of Cape Ann at Lanesville, we climbed up onto the granite breakwater and were able to view the leaders passing by. The Savo was right up there amongst the sliding seat shells looking good.



Photo op for Shirley at Lanesville, looking good!

On to an obscure dead end street at Andrews Point just around the corner from Cape Ann's northernmost Halibut Point, where the course turned southeasterly into Sandy Bay to pass by Rockport and enter the

## A Blackburn Challenge Vignette "the best laid plans..."

By Bob Hicks

open Atlantic. The Savo was still in the hunt, dropped back some from the leading shells now but not by much considering the different nature of the hull hydrodynamics. Still looking good.

On now to Loblolly Point where the course swung southwest on the long stretch of about six miles down the eastern shore to the last turn around Eastern Point light on the half mile long breakwater that protects Gloucester Harbor. The shells were now further ahead, but nothing else was coming up behind the Savo as the crew labored on. Still looking very good indeed.



Rodger checks the time at Andrews Point, still looking good!

No more shore access for us now, the course off an open beach stretch shortly before Eastern Point was too far out too really see how the Savo was doing and the parking at Eastern Point Light, now an Audubon Reservation, was \$10 and the hike out that ever so long breakwater too intimidating for Rodger and Shirley so we passed and headed for the finish line at Pavilion beach to await their arrival.

We waited... and waited... and waited. Boats that were not ahead of the Savo when last we saw her were coming in, in ever increasing numbers. Then the word came down to us, Craig had suffered severe leg cramps not too far past Loblolly Cove and had been taken ashore in a course patrol boat to the Straitsmouth Coast Guard Station in Rockport where he was picked up by his wife. John was soldiering on to bring the boat home. Their race was over.

So was this an inconclusive evaluation of the Savo's performance? Perhaps so, but while they were under full power for some 12 miles around the 20-mile course it was an impressive performance.

Undaunted, Rodger and Shirley headed for home to Connecticut the next day to prepare for their next act, displaying the Savo at the Maine Boats, Homes and Harbors Show in Rockland, Maine, in early August where later Rodger reported a great deal of interest. Coming up next on October 5 is the Wellfleet Rowing Rendezvous at Wellfleet Harbor on Cape Cod (Old Wharf Dory at [info@oldwharf.com](mailto:info@oldwharf.com)). Then on October 26 it will be the Head of the Weir Race at Windmill Point in Hull, Massachusetts (Hull Lifesaving Museum at [info@hulllifesavingmuseum.org](mailto:info@hulllifesavingmuseum.org)). Such is the life of the entrepreneur attempting to bring a new product onto the market.



John, Craig and Rodger holding an impromptu post mortem on the beach.

## Suomen Puuvenepiste Savo 650 D

Bearing some similarities to the renowned Adirondack Guideboat and its cousin, the St Lawrence River Skiff, this unique craft has its origins in Finland, serving the population of a water wealthy but road poor environment.

Designer/builder Ruud van Veelen has brought this traditional design into the 21st century via use of modern construction materials and techniques. Coupled with his unique Poseidon sliding seat system, this boat has been winning races and turning heads in Scandinavian recreational and racing rowing circles.

Walter Baron of the Old Wharf Dory Company in Wellfleet, Massachusetts (<http://www.oldwharf.com>) completed work on a prototype that we introduced at the Wooden Boat Show in Mystic, Connecticut, in June and at the Maine Boats, Homes and Harbors Show in Rockland, Maine, in August prior to entering it in the July Blackburn Challenge as reported in this article.

This fine craft is available on a build to order basis. We are also offering the Savo 650 S (single) and the Savo 575 S (single).

For photographs and specifications, go to <http://www.puuvenepiste.fi/> and for more photos and updates to Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/puuvenepiste>.

All questions and inquiries, contact Rodger Swanson at (860) 299-6502, [rodgerswanson412@comcast.net](mailto:rodgerswanson412@comcast.net).



# Boston's Harbor Islands

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

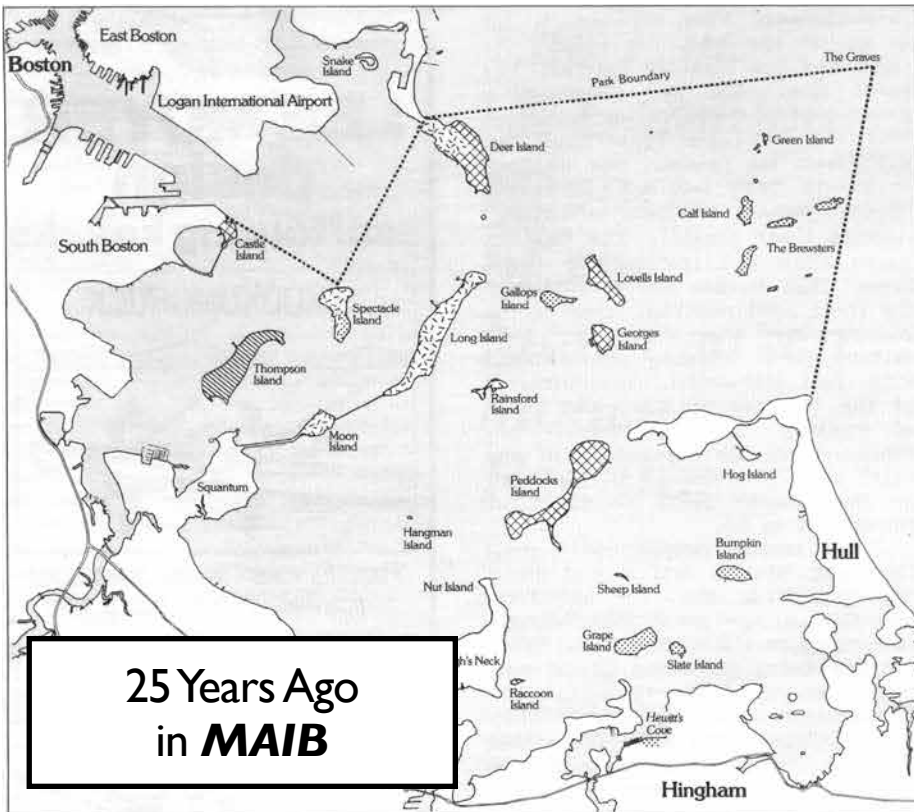
Well, here we were on a CRUISE BOAT, heading out into Boston harbor in early evening of a hot August day. About 200 other people were also on board the Boston Harbor Cruises boat. This was "Cruise & News #3", a tour tonight of the harbor islands, organized by the Boston Harbor Associates as an educational outing, part of their ongoing programs for increasing public awareness for the need to make Boston's harbor "clean, alive and accessible". Other trips in this program had visited Boston's commercial waterfront and waterfront development and transit locations. I wanted a better look at the islands while learning more about the BHA programs

A couple of years ago I ran some information on these islands in connection with public access, and had paddled a kayak out to one of them, Lovell's Island, from Hull. The view from the top deck of the cruise boat would be far more panoramic than from 3 feet above sea level in a kayak. The infamous pollution of the harbor (nationally regarded as one of the worst) would also be much less noticeable from way up here.

The BHA had the trip very well organized, with a staff of people each with detail knowledge about each of the islands we would visit who commented on each island as we passed by. There was also food and drink available and entertainment belowdecks in the form of a player piano. For \$25, anyone interested could sign on for the trip and it was obviously well supported.

The main thrust of the interest in these islands is in saving them as a recreational resource, for the most part. A couple of them are used, or will be used, for Boston's sewage disposal system facilities, another is privately owned, and another has city facilities for the homeless and indigent in need of medical treatment. The bulk are in public ownership, relatively undeveloped, and mostly neglected until recent years when the Boston Harbor Islands State Park system was set up. This system is intended as a low intensity use facility, there'll not be a lot of highly developed recreational facilities established. Rather, it is to provide the immediately adjacent urban population of over a million people with accessible natural resources.

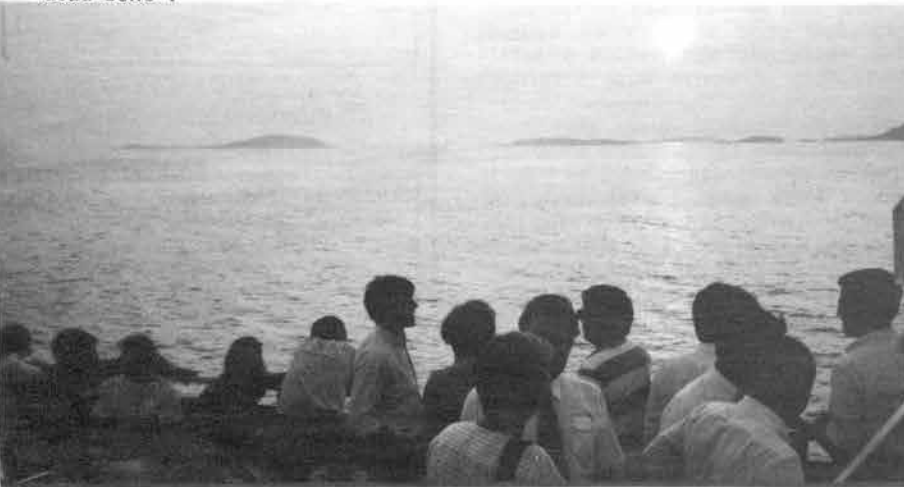
Thompson Island, once a farm



## Ownership

Private Boston MDC DEM

Below from the top: Early evening approaching the outer islands. Spectacle Island with an old smokestack from bygone times. Nut Island, the "dead zone".





school, now home for the Thompson Island Outward Bound Education Center.

Spectacle Island, target for possible doubling in size with fill from excavation of the new third harbor tunnel, and site of a former trash mountain still reverting to nature. Proposed site also for processing sewage sludge into fertilizer.

Nut Island, present location of one of two outlets into the harbor for metropolitan Boston's sewage, the "dead zone" according to professional divers who have worked around its underwater pipes.

Peddocks Island, unique dual ownership involving the MDC (Metropolitan District Commission) park for public use and the private community of Middle Hill, the only inhabited village remaining on any of the harbor islands. Cottages in Middle Hill go back several generations in individual families, a quaint holdover from the early century, unique in its preservation of a status quo rather than caving in to modern financial persuasion for intense development.

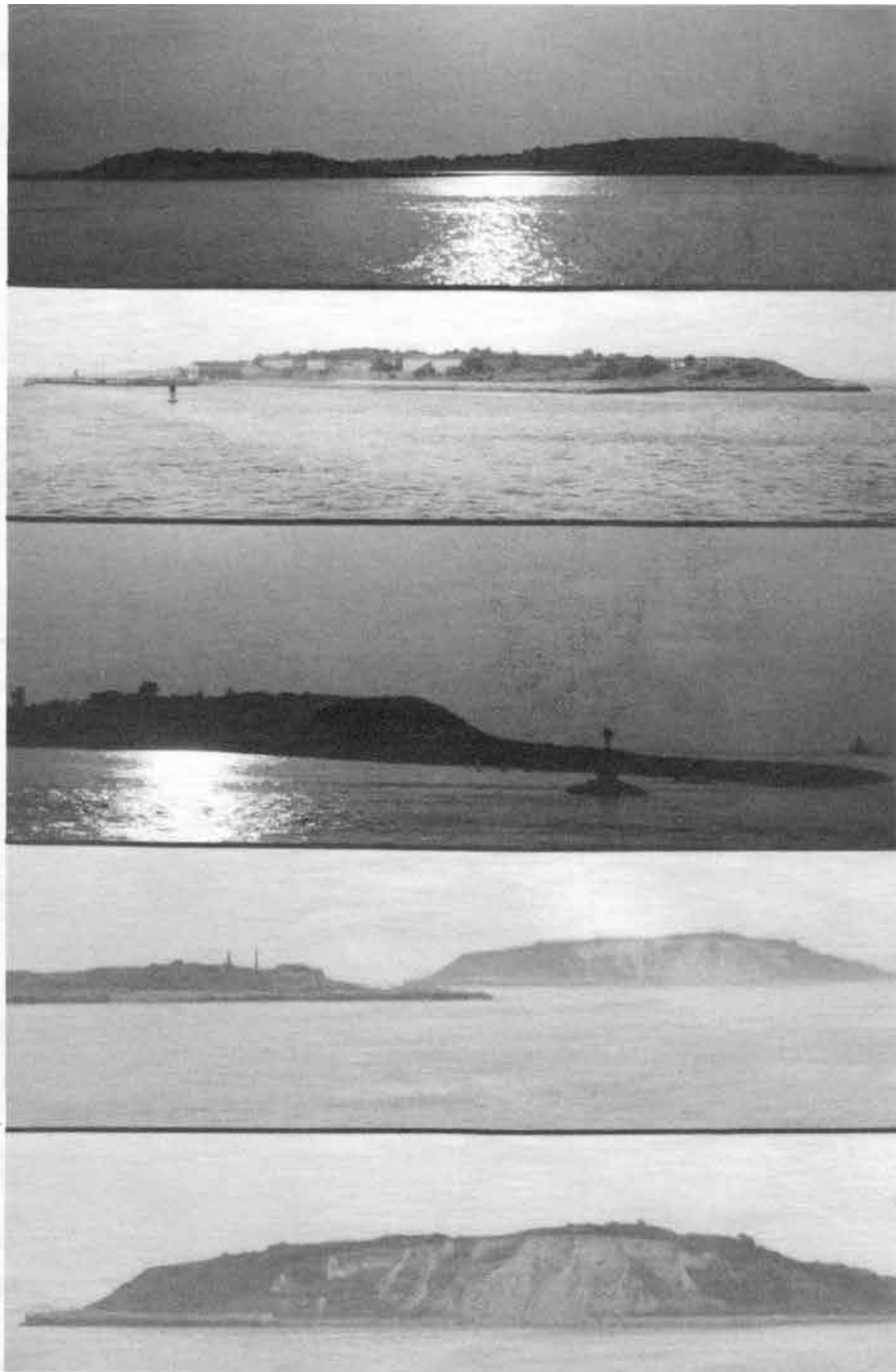
Georges Island, home of Fort Warren, main stop for regular harbor ferries bringing out day trippers, slated for restoration of the old fort and focus of the state park.

Lovell's Island, undeveloped state park offering a nice "wilderness" experience where the last organized human activity was a World War II military radio school.

The Brewsters, a cluster of several remoter islands, one of which has Boston Light, oldest light station in the U.S.A. Great Brewster, very impressive with its 80 foot high cliff, yet connected to Lovell's a mile away at low tide by a gravel bar one can walk across on.

The Calf Islands, adjacent to the Brewsters, sites of former summer mansions of the wealthy, only chimneys remaining. Long Island, home to the homeless, the indigent sick, and library books, a city facility with a major hospital plant and archives. Connected by a causeway and bridge to the mainland.

This is a quick look at our tour. What impressed me the most was how devoid of development most of the islands are, despite at one time being used heavily for military and sea related commercial activities, summer property for the wealthy, prisons, dumps and sewage disposal facilities. There's a lot to be said for nature's ability to heal itself if left alone, and current renewed interest in these islands is directed at helping nature to recover from past and present abuses. Even the major sewage disposal program underway, which will take ten years to complete, is enveloped in environmental protection requirements.



Above from the top: Peddocks Island. Georges Island with old Fort Warren. Gallops Island. Calf Island with its old mansion chimneys. The cliff on Great Brewster Island. Centerspread overleaf: Sunset over Boston Light.

The dream is a clean harbor with some islands functioning inconspicuously for various public services, the rest as natural resources, places the nearby city dweller can escape to for some natural beauty in but a few moments time. This is where our interest in messing about in boats fits in. The state park islands are all accessible by private boats, and kayaks and rowing craft can easily reach them from places like Hull or Winthrop in good weather conditions.

A number of public interest groups supplement the state and MDC efforts on behalf of the

Boston harbor islands. The Boston Harbor Associates sponsored this tour, and invites memberships and support of persons interested in their goals for the harbor. For an information packet, Boston Harbor Associates, 51 Sleeper St., Boston, MA 02210, (617) 330-1134.

Friends of Boston Harbor is another concerned group, contact them at P.O. Box 9025, Boston, MA 02114, (617) 523-8386.

For the detailed brochure on the Boston Harbor Islands State Park, Division of Forests & Parks, 100 Cambridge St., Boston, MA 02202

# In Our Wake: Ken Duxbury, his Crew and his Boat

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising* - Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)

*Ken Duxbury is still very much alive and kicking, but as he approaches ninety he is more active as an artist than a sailor. This will not surprise his old readers, who remember the idiosyncratic illustrations and cartoons peppering his texts. He still lives in Cornwall with his wife 'B', the intrepid crew of Lugworm. Most of his dozen or so books dating from the early 1970s are rooted firmly in that county, whose inhabitants tend to regard it as a separate nation. Its rugged coastline and his love of sailing must be inextricably linked in his mind: he even called one of his early Cornish homes 'Gybe-O!'*

*In my last Editorial I drew your attention to the reappearance of the Lugworm chronicles in print after many years' absence. The set of three hardback volumes, altogether priced in the region of £30, is planned for March 2012, with Lodestar Books committed to a stand at Beale Park. (<http://www.lodestarbooks.com/the-lugworm-chronicles>). Ken is delighted at the prospect of old Lugworm's reappearance and has been able to provide the publishers with the negatives for most of the books' photographs. I hope the volumes are available singly: speaking personally, I lack only Lugworm on the Loose!*

*The following extract is from his Seamanship in Small Open Boats (1971), a classic of the genre, and his second book after Dinghy Sailing. This choice is not just an exercise in nostalgia. The text provides a good example of his clear style and his common sense, certainly, but not all of his assertions will be swallowed whole by today's cruising sailors, and my main aim in printing this is to make us all reconsider some of our firmly held opinions, while enjoying a taste of a writer who is one of dinghy cruising's most successful enthusiasts.*

*This extract comes from Chapter 7: The Cruise, in which he includes a detailed analysis of two days from a two-month cruise to illustrate the theory he has considered in previous chapters. Characteristically, he starts by looking closely at the crew and the boat -Ed*

**F**irst decision then: to take a crew, or 'go it alone'? This had to be settled before choosing a boat. Here I was lucky; my wife knows the ropes in a boat, is not seasick, has a cool head and doesn't panic when things go wrong. What is more we get along famously together. If you ever expect to find more than these four basic attributes in one crew member, you'll be disillusioned! The idea appealed to us both, so that was settled.

The requirements were as follows:

- The boat had to accommodate two in moderate comfort.
- She had to be primarily a sailing craft because I'm a sailor, but not one of those dyed-in-the-canvas types who spurn the thought of an engine.
- She had to carry an auxiliary motor of sufficient power to give at least three knots in a lumpy sea with a brisk headwind, and four to five knots in calm water.
- She had to be light enough for the two of us to manhandle down a sloping beach without slipping any discs. I wanted to land on exposed beaches when sea conditions permitted, and take the bottom in harbours, but when beached I did not want to be completely at the mercy of the tides.
- As well as landing on shallow beaches I wanted to steal up quiet creeks where there might be a mere foot or two of water.
- Despite these considerations of size, draught and weight, she had to be a first-class seaboat with plenty of inherent stability and buoyancy, able to survive when properly handled in winds up to force 7 on the Beaufort Scale.

It's not asking much, is it!

Here is the boat I chose, after a great deal of searching; the Drascombe Lugger. (See drawing on next page). Here are the reasons why, item by item.

1. Since we had no intention of making night passages in which it would have been necessary for one of us to sleep while under way, a cabin was not essential. An airbed each side of the centreboard case and a stout tent rigged over the whole boat, lapping under the gunwales, would suffice. It proved very warm and comfortable and eliminated the need for top hamper when under way with the resultant windage which I loathe in any boat. The less there is above the waterline once one has adequate freeboard, the better.
2. She carried three sails of total area 120 square feet. Rigged as a gunter yawl it was a simple matter to choose any combination of the three depending on one's need. Very important: she carried enough canvas for a moderately good performance on all points of sailing but not so much that one had to be constantly reefing. She carried all sail happily in up to force five winds.
3. A four horsepower longshaft Mercury outboard fitted neatly down the trunking aft of the mizzen mast. This gave me four and a half knots in calm water and about three knots in a headwind with a sea running. Equally important; it was economical on fuel, using about one gallon every

two and a half hours at cruising revs. I could carry a good reserve—around fifteen hours running time. With a weight of 55 lbs I could easily carry the motor to and from the boat.

4. The all-up weight of the wooden version of this Drascombe Lugger is around 750 lbs. This is just about the limit two of us could manage down a sloping beach.
5. Her draught is ten inches with both rudder blade and centreplate raised. The longshaft outboard when lowered drew fourteen inches. If it had to be raised we could still carry on up those shallow creeks under oars. She rows very well indeed.
6. Her lines were superb. She would obviously be a dry boat with good inherent stability, augmented by the 115 lb half-inch thick centreplate and the metal rudder weighing 28 lbs. The only modification I made to the standard boat produced by Kelly & Hall, the builders, was the provision of watertight hatches to seal off the large bow and stern lockers to make her permanently buoyant if swamped. A boat of this size would be exciting in winds above force six on the Beaufort Scale and I felt instinctively that she had as good a chance of coping with worse conditions as any other craft I had looked at.
7. The tent was made to my own measurements. The mast was used as a ridgepole, being supported on two light crutches and it worked splendidly, chiefly because it was only the work of a moment to lower the main mast which pivoted on deck. The mizzen mast, being unstayed, just lifted from its socket.

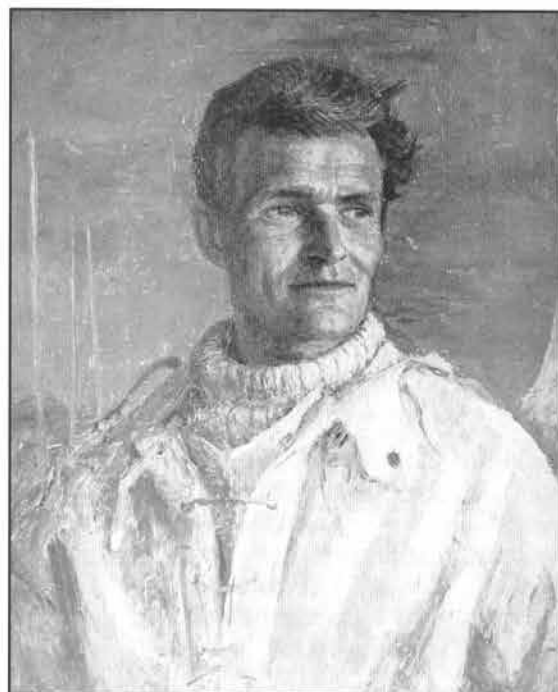
What do you think of her? She filled all the requirements I had imposed. It is the work of a moment to drop the mainsail even when running before the wind, which is a big advantage over a Bermudan rig. Being loose footed in the main the chances of an accidental gybe were also removed. Remember that out along the coast a boat tends to roll and yaw more than in calm water which is all conducive to gybing. The rig is slightly less efficient than a Bermudan sail when working to windward but I was quite prepared to accept this in exchange for the all-round safety.

During the cruise she proved to be perfectly balanced under mizzen and jib alone and could be steered quite easily with the rudder unshipped by trimming these two sails. At first I found it awkward having to unship the rudder well out in deep water before landing on any shallow beaches, but if running into the beach she could be steered with an oar used as a sweep over the stern. She has a crutch fitted for that purpose.

I do not wish to imply that the lugger is, in my opinion, the only boat which might fulfil the requirements. I have spent thousands of hours in

fairly high performance cruising dinghies such as Wayfarers. Some of these are excellent dinghies and have completed a few epic cruises with skilled crews. But I would not group them under the heading of 'open seaboats' because the sort of seas I was prepared to meet off the open coast would soon have taxed a normal crew beyond acceptable limits in such craft. They require continuous sitting-out if capsize is to be avoided. If asked to generalise I would suggest that any boat of sixteen feet in length and under is best kept to areas within immediate reach of sheltered water.

KD



*Ken Duxbury (1923 – ), from a painting by William Narraway*

*Biographical details taken from the dust cover of Lugworm Homeward Bound (1975):*

'Born in 1923 Ken Duxbury entered the Royal Navy as an Ordinary Seaman early in the war and gained his Commission in the RNRV shortly after. Later he spent five years demolishing wrecks around the coast of Great Britain – a ticklish job involving the use of large quantities of high explosive from small open boats operating from a parent ship in the open sea.

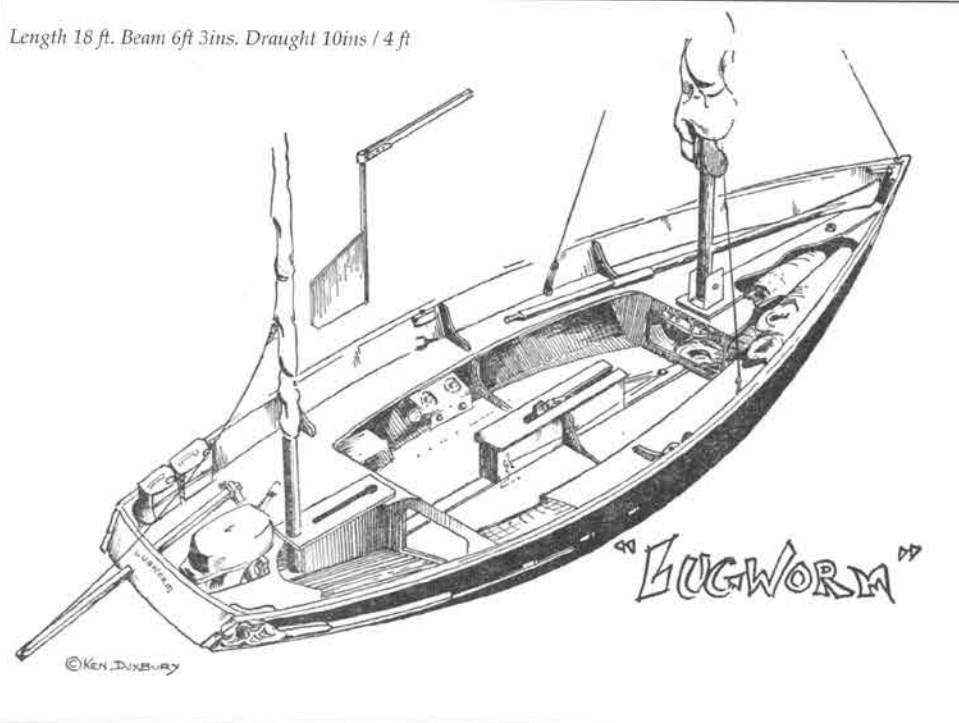
After transfer to the RN he held his own command before retiring in 1954 and embarking on a four-year cruise in his fourteen-ton yacht.

In 1958 he took up journalism and also founded a highly successful school of sailing in North Cornwall. As Principal of this school he has many thousand hours experience of instructing complete beginners to handle small sailing dinghies. He retired from business in 1970 to take up full time writing.'

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Length 18 ft. Beam 6ft 3ins. Draught 10ins / 4 ft



Ken Duxbury's drawing of *Lugworm*, from *Lugworm Homeward Bound*. There is no sign here of the transom oarlock for sculling and steering he mentions in the text, but it was recommended on the wooden boat and is clearly shown in my copy of the plans.

The vulnerability of the drop-down rudder is plain to see. Some crews have had to resort to using shoreline rocks and cobbles to straighten out the kinks in this 1½ins round steel stock that have resulted from unscheduled groundings. The low and rather open centreplate case seen here is a reminder of the difficulty of baling out the early boats after a swamping – the water poured in faster than any frightened man with a bucket could cope with. This almost finished off Webb Chiles in the Pacific. The joint between the laminated stem and the hog was a weakness in some wooden Luggers, and sometimes had to be reinforced after breaking.

The first plans show a ½ins thick galvanised steel plate with an angled slot from the leading edge so that it could be dropped into the case on to a fixed bolt, rather than its being bolted through one hole in the plate as is the usual practice. Complications might have resulted from a full 180° capsize. Apart from that, this sealed axle encouraged a 'fit it and forget it' approach – some Luggers with this arrangement have 'mysteriously' lost their plates at sea.

Despite these cautions, the Lugger remains a classic cruising design with beautiful flowing lines and an enviable record; not for nothing does it prompt frequent comparisons with the boats of the Vikings. Drascombes are well served on the Internet. Googling 'Drascombe' will bring you details of the full range of boats, John Watkinson's story of their evolution, a history of their epic voyages, and so on. –Ed

### Part of the Cruising Record

1968-69 Ian Brinkworth (nom de plume, Ian Brook) cruises the Greek archipelago in his Lugger *Aeolus*.

1969-70 David Pyle sails his Lugger *Hermes* with David Derrick from Emsworth, England to Darwin, Australia.

1970 Ken Duxbury and his wife 'B' cruise the Aegean in their Lugger, *Lugworm*.

1971 The Duxburys sail their Lugger from Greece to England.

1973 Geoff Stewart sails an open Drascombe Longboat from England to Jamaica, by way of the Channel, the French Canals, the Mediterranean, the Canaries – and on.

1978-1984 Webb Chiles sails around much of the world in his Luggers *Chidiok Tichborne I* and *Chidiok Tichborne II*. He starts in California in *Chidiok I*, crosses the Pacific, then the Indian Ocean, before heading into the Red Sea. Solo, he breaks the record for distance sailed continuously in an open boat, previously held by William Bligh, RN, in the *Bounty's* launch.

2000 Peter Baxter, Dinghy Cruising Association, trails his 40 year-old wooden Lugger *Jenny* to Stockholm, Sweden, then spends six weeks cruising the Baltic coasts to Finland and back to Stockholm, with John Older. See #173, Spring, 2001, p40. (The first six adventures here have been related in vivid and absorbing books written by the skippers.)



Say you're interested in recreational rowing but you're not ready to part with several thousand bucks for instant gratification. You've thought or heard about a canoe being a decent substitute for a purebred rowing craft like a shell or a classic Whitehall. How's that work, you wonder? What are the options? The pros and cons?

A rowing canoe probably makes sense only if you are interested in rowing for sport; that is, to enjoy rowing for its own sake. If your primary goal is actually a stable fishing platform, or taking children/grandchildren on an excursion, or to impress a member of the opposite gender, there are better paths than a rowing canoe.

Rowing a canoe isn't new. In the golden era of American canoeing (1890-1950), many manufacturers offered optional rowing gear. As early as 1948 magazines offered do-it-yourself plans for homebuilt rowing retrofits. As late as the 1970s, Old Town Canoes sold a "drop in" fiberglass rowing unit.

Why bother adapting a canoe? If a sliding seat shell, or a cedar lapstrake Whitehall, or a kevlar Adirondack Guideboat is what you really want, and you can afford it, then go for it. Adapting a canoe is the low budget, do-it-yourself alternative. Your time and shop skills can partly substitute for cash. The good news is that the do-it-yourself option can produce remarkably good results for a bargain price. Some manufactured products are also explored below.

Below the waterline, where it counts most, a decent canoe has a lot in common with a thoroughbred rowboat; fine bow and stern lines, slippery curves. Above the waterline its freeboard is in the right range. Set up correctly, that is, with the seat and oars in the right positions, a canoe can make for a speedy, satisfying and practical rowboat. A good canoe also gives up little in the aesthetics department to that classic Whitehall or peapod.

There are a lot of differences among canoes and the better quality hull you start with, the better the potential rowing craft. The ideal choice is an old fiberglass canoe lying around in need of a new home. Rotomolded plastic canoes are numerous and cheap but so poor in quality that these are not recommended. Royalex (foam sandwich plastic) is somewhat better.

Aluminum canoes may be lacking aesthetically but are functional and tough. A wooden canoe makes a fine and beautiful rowboat but these are typically either in need of substantial repairs or are priced beyond our intended low budget approach. Whatever your choice, the point is that there's not so much at stake if you start cheap. Enjoy the process of discovery.

Next, most canoes have a feature that's

## Row a Canoe

By Kim Apel

an obstacle to rowing, a center thwart. The rower needs to sit in the center so the thwart has to go.

Next, the rowing rig. The basic challenge to rowing any canoe is that the hull is probably too narrow and the gunwales too low to effectively mount oars there. An oar is fundamentally a lever to push on the water, but the relatively narrow width of a canoe reduces the leverage available and thereby the resulting power from the oar.

The solution is to mount the oarlocks on struts outside the gunwales and higher. The apparatus to accomplish this are called "riggers." Greater distance between the oarlocks, termed "spread," permits longer oars and thereby more powerful and efficient rowing, up to about 60" maximum spread.

Your body produces relatively little power (about 0.25hp maximum output for a strong, skilled rower, less for others) so the design of a rowing craft must employ every mechanical and ergonomic advantage or the rower will be working hard for little gain. There is an optimum geometry between seat position, oarlock spread and height and oar length. Ignoring these time tested criteria is like towing a bucket behind your fine rowing boat. The correct relationships are nicely diagrammed at the Shaw and Tenney website: <http://www.shawandtenney.com/wooden-rowing-oars.htm>??

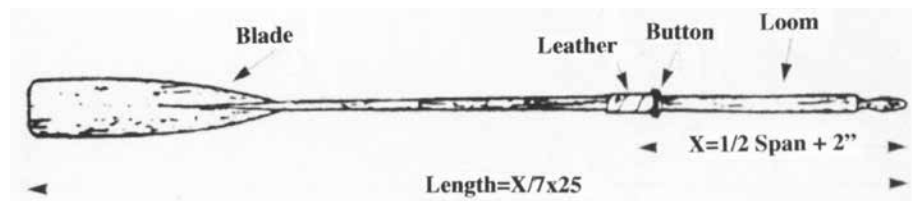
The following reviews several approaches to fitting a canoe for rowing. The first several are fixed seat designs ranging from basic to more complex, and the last addresses the greater sophistication and complexity of sliding seat rowing.

### Oar on Gunwale

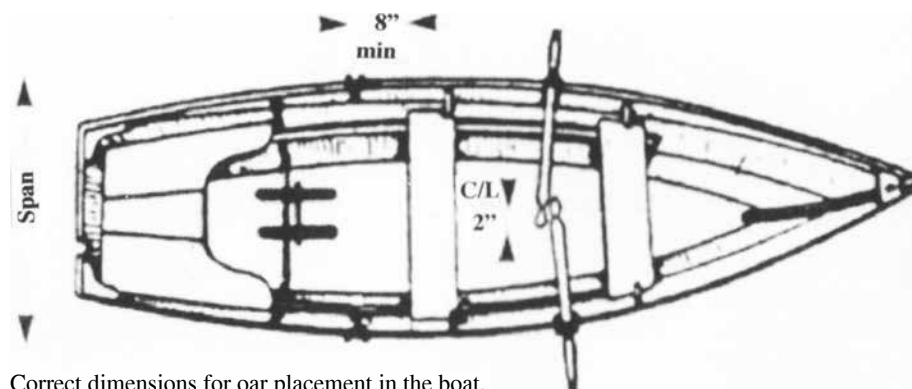
A typical canoe has a maximum beam of about 34"-36". The oarlock position would be aft of the midpoint and even narrower. Option A is to just attach oarlocks to the gunwales and use 6'-6.5' oars. You might find this acceptable if your expectations for speed or efficiency are limited. An extra wide canoe of 38"-40" beam with 7' oars works better. A narrower solo canoe will ordinarily not work with the oarlock on the gunwale.

An exception is the Adirondack Guideboat, it's roughly similar in its proportions to a canoe, has its oars mounted on the gunwales and yet is a fine rowing craft. The Guideboat defies the rules because of: 1) its very light, efficient hull and 2) specialized oars, shaped extra light and springy outboard of the oarlocks, and extra weight inboard. See specialized oars and oarlocks designed for the Adirondack Guideboat at: <http://www.shawandtenney.com/adirondack-guide-boats.htm>

Guideboat oars and hardware will work on a canoe but the gear is pricey, which negates the original mission of affordability. Otherwise, some means of mounting oarlocks wider than your canoe is required. Several approaches are described below which may be undertaken with various levels of skill, effort and investment.



Formula for correct oar length per Shaw & Tenney.



Correct dimensions for oar placement in the boat.

Camp cruising at 5 knots with a sleek hull and sliding seat rig.



Rig B underway. Pay no attention to that line hanging over the side.





## Homemade

Rig Option B was improvised for a typical fiberglass canoe (15.5'Lx34"W). Note that the center thwart was removed. A seat was devised and suspended several inches below the gunwale. The wooden riggers were constructed as a single unit, easily installed or removed, attached to the gunwales by bolts with wing nuts. The unit is constructed of six pieces of 3/8" plywood, notched, fit together and the joints reinforced with taped seam epoxy and fiberglass. Specific dimensions are not given.

Because of the variations in canoes, you would need to adapt the concept to suit your chosen hull. This option isn't the most beautiful but it's simple and effective. There are about 54" between the oarlocks, the correct span for the accompanying 8' oars. 8'0" is the maximum oar length recommended for any fixed seat rowing canoe and offers the best performance potential.

Note that the oarlocks are elevated. A rule of thumb is that the lowest part of the oar, resting in the oarlock, needs to be 6"-7" above the seat height. The seat, in turn, should be about 6"-7" above the rower's heels for the sake of comfort.

While the "Option B" riggers are a home built bargain unit, the oars in this case are store bought, premium quality, spoon blades made from Sitka spruce. Though optional, you'll never regret buying first class oars. They reward skill with better performance and, with good care, may become family heirlooms.

Recommended sources for high quality oars include Barkley Sound Oar and Paddle Ltd of Canada, <http://barkleysoundoar.com>, and Shaw and Tenney of Orono, Maine. <http://www.shawandtenney.com/wooden-rowing-oars.htm>.



Rig B cockpit detail looking aft. Note replacement thwart moved forward.

## Homemade/Better

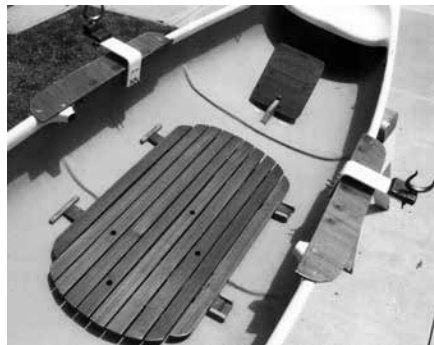
Rig Option C shows an alternate approach on an identical hull. The seat rests on the floor of the canoe versus hung from the gunwales in Option B, but the resulting seat position is very similar. There are separate rigger units for port and starboard, bolted to the gunwales. The rigger arms in this case are of bent aluminum plate and provide 46" between the oarlock sockets, the correct span for the accompanying 7'5" homebuilt oars. Rig C oars are slightly less powerful than Rig B, but handier to use.

Rig C as pictured includes some found/recycled materials that may not be available to every do it yourselfer. In a case of good fortune, a pair of bent pieces of aluminum were found in a marine salvage store, already sized, shaped and drilled for some unknown purpose, but ready for use as rigger arms.

Also found and recycled were two tapered carbon fiber tubes (radio antenna masts) adapted for use as oar shafts to which



Rig C showing the small molded seat typical on sliding seat rigs, though fixed in this case. I find it advantageous to have a seat that keeps my rear exactly in the middle of the boat where it belongs.



Rig C cockpit showing floorboards installed for sailing option, otherwise unnecessary for rowing. Removable seat is shown in the other photo. Footrest highly recommended.

Rig C close up. Wooden blocks on the rigger arm raise the oarlocks to their proper height above the seat. This also shows the starboard oarlock (left hand oar facing aft) 1/2" higher than the port side oarlock to facilitate proper technique with overlapping left over right oar grips.



wooden blades were built and attached. Rig C also shows a highly recommended footrest. Fitted properly, this adds power to the stroke with little or no added effort. The message here is not about the need for special materials.

Rather, in the spirit of do-it-yourself, be resourceful and adapt whatever materials you can find. Rig B may look sleeker and more sophisticated than Rig A, but functionally there is little difference. As the builder, I acknowledge that Rig C is probably fussier and more complex than necessary. Others could no doubt simplify the design and improve the result.

## Buy it/Bolt on

Option D offers cool off-the-shelf alternatives to the solutions above but these diverge a bit from the original vision of cheap and homebuilt.

D.1 Rushton Outrigger Oarlocks: Rowing gear retailer Shaw and Tenney sells a beautiful folding outrigger of cast bronze, a re-creation of a product from the famous Rushton Canoe Co and the "golden era" of canoeing: <http://www.shawandtenney.com/catalog/detail.php?ID=6499&Category=MarineHardware&pageNum=1&cart=/catalog/index.php>.

These do the job, simply and elegantly. Downsides include a steep price and the need for a beefy gunwale to which to attach it. In lieu of these bronze beauties, I've heard of adapting a pair of big strap hinges, such as for a farm gate, but I've never seen them so I can't comment on how it works.

D.2 Forward Facing Oarlocks: This apparatus turns millennia of tradition on its head, allowing rowing while facing forward. It's not a new idea, however, having been patented in the 1880s. The video on the seller's website is better than any written description of this clever gadget: <http://www.forwardfacingrowingsystem.com/overview.html> A downside for serious rowers is that the oars cannot be "feathered," that is, rotated on the recovery portion of the stroke. The unique stainless steel hardware pushes the price up accordingly.

## Sliding Seat

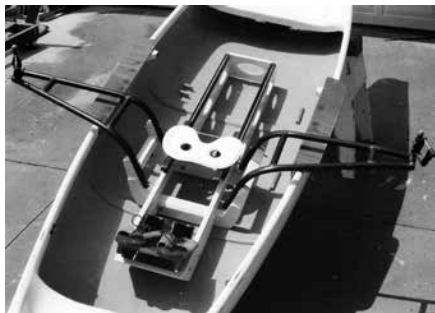
Option E crosses the threshold from fixed seat rowing to sliding seat options. These increase the performance potential of a rowing canoe considerably. The sliding seat rowing rig originated with rowing shells and racing but its advantages potentially apply to canoes and recreational rowing.

The potential advantages of a sliding seat rig are probably wasted unless the hull has above average speed potential. A 17'+ sleek, lightweight tripping canoe is a worthy platform for a sliding seat rig, a short, chubby canoe is not. Unless you a) have money to spend, b) crave that extra half knot of speed and are willing to work hard to get it or c) simply must have it because it's cool, then you're better off sticking with a fixed seat. The options below unfold in order of ever increasing cost, complexity and cool factor.

E.1: The illustration at bottom left on facing page shows a sleek, performance oriented canoe with very fine ends and only 30" of beam. If you can acquire a retired marathon racing canoe or a Kevlar "tripping canoe," these can really move. With a sliding seat rig one person can row such a hull faster than two people paddling.

Though not nearly as fast as a pure rowing shell, it's comparable to a "recreational shell" at a fraction of the price and faster than fixed seat

options. E.1 is a hybrid of a homebuilt wooden framework, with custom fabricated aluminum tubing ("wings") and standard manufactured rolling seat and seat track hardware.



Option E sliding seat rig hybrid of homebuilt (frame), custom fabrication (welded aluminum tubes) and standard manufactured parts (seat and sea tracks).

E.2: The "off-the-shelf" alternative to the one of a kind E.1 rig above is the excellent mass produced "Row Wing:" [http://www.rowingrigs.com/pubsite/index.php?option=com\\_content&view=article&id=4&Itemid=6](http://www.rowingrigs.com/pubsite/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=4&Itemid=6).

E.3: "EZ Row" offers a forward facing option to a sliding seat product with the compromise of non-feathering oars: <http://www.ez-row.com/products.htm>.

E.4: "FrontRower" has it all; forward facing, feathering oars and the added sophistication of a fixed seat while the legs and rigger move. Considerable engineering and a complex apparatus is necessary to accomplish all that the FrontRower does. The results are impressive and so is the price: <http://www.frontrower.com>.

E.5: Say you're taken with the sliding seat idea, and you're committed to building it all yourself, from scratch or as close as possible. There's an option for that. Glen-L Marine, long time seller of homebuilt boat plans and kits, offers their "Sculling Skiff," a hybrid canoe/kayak/rowing shell and accompanying homebuilt, drop in, wooden sliding seat and riggers: <https://www.boatdesigns.com/17-Sculling-Skiff-recreational-r-shell/products/184/>.



Option E sliding seat rig 90% homebuilt of mahogany. Plans available from Glen-L Marine Designs.

There you have a range of options from simple to sophisticated, from relatively quick and easy to a lengthy project, from a few hundred dollars to a few thousand.

## The Blue Pickel

By Michael Whaling

During an early spring evening in 1983 a couple of local guys were having beers, etc, at an outside tavern in Cherry Valley, New York, and decided to build a canoe. Their decision was prompted by an article on canoe building in one of the back to the earth journals of the time, which included detailed drawings. Neither of them had woodworking experience beyond basic carpentry skills and the very public announcement of their plan soon had skeptical jackals at their heels. These cacklings only motivated them and Ivan Bosma and Dan Nelson proceeded to build their canoe.

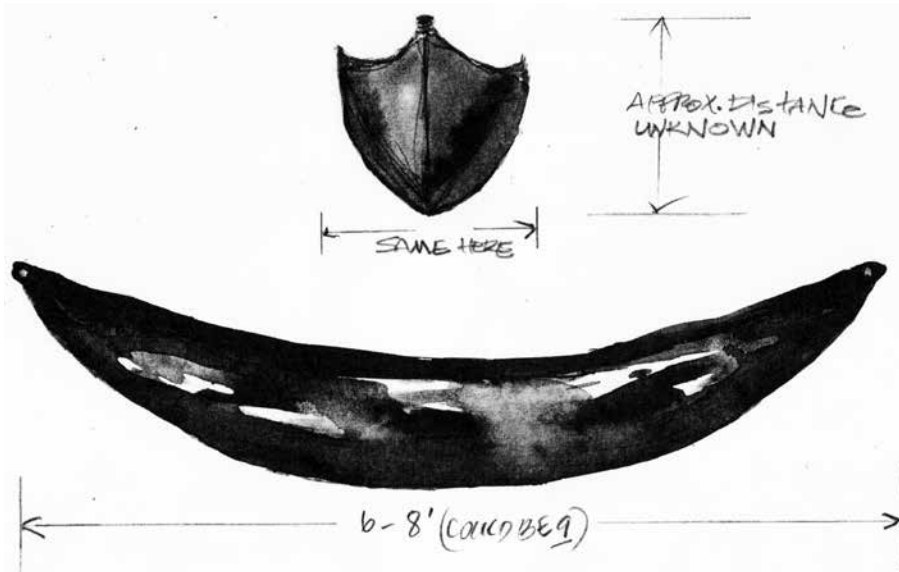
When the complexity of the task dawned on them they tried to get Jon Kehn, a local cabinetmaker, to join their effort. He wanted no part of it but his refusal did include an agreement to let them use his "steam bending

equipment" which amounted to a 55gal barrel with a lid, mounted on two chunks of granite behind his shop, an 1870s hop barn in the hills three miles east of Cherry Valley.

The finished product was surprisingly pleasing to the eye. It was painted blue with just enough varnished wood showing to give it some definition. The only distraction was the puckering where the canvas was not stretched tight enough.

The launching was on a fine morning in early June on a backwater of the Susquehanna River, 16 miles away in Cooperstown. A crowd of about a dozen were on hand including Jon Kehn. When Ivan, the lead builder, climbed in and was pushed off, the little canoe glided about 6', the bow rose a foot out of the water and Jon pronounced it *The Blue Pickel*.

Sadly, two of the principals in this story have passed on since the launching and the *Pickel* went up in a fire in a chicken coop, started by a guy who climbed Mount Everest (Ivan's brother-in-law).



## Two Handy Fixtures

By Henry Champagney

In the April issue there was an article by "Mississippi Bob" about building a cedar strip boat. I saw that he used a piece of plywood with a slot in it to hold the cedar strips in place on the station. When I first built a Sportboat, I used 400+ brads to hold the strips in place. On the second and subsequent Sportboats I cut slots in the stations as shown in this photo and used small C clamps at each station for each strip. These boats have no brad holes and to me look better.



For almost 40 years I have worked with teenagers with special needs. It always frustrated me that they had difficulty getting four palm sander size pieces of sandpaper out of a sheet. I came up with this fixture to resolve this issue.

By placing the short side of the sandpaper against the stop and then under the old hacksaw blade, while holding the sandpaper down on the hacksaw blade, they tear the sandpaper in half perfectly every time. Then each half sheet is repositioned along the lines on the plywood to make the second tear. The waste of sandpaper has been reduced substantially. To me this is better than using the edge of a table or scissors which soon become dull.



## Part 1: The Challenge

For some time now I've been experimenting with a rig that uses two identical sails close together, and my latest experimental boat with that rig has been stable, nimble and fun to sail (see *MAIB* September 2012, etc). So you'd think this would be a good place to end the design experiments, you know, settle down with this boat and stop thinking about other possibilities. I know my wife would vote that way, to keep the hull count down in the garage if nothing else. So knowing that the idle boater's mind is the devil's playground I made substantial efforts to keep busy and ignore that little guy with the horns and pointy tail on my shoulder asking "what's next?"

And I was doing pretty well until one day at the harbor I brought my twinsail boat with the Hobie 13 as the center hull up the ramp after a relaxing sail and rolled it over to the grass area. A young man followed close behind and began asking questions about the rig, which happens fairly frequently. After a few of his curiosities were satisfied, he said he had watched me sail out into the harbor (tacking up a narrow passage into a confused wind) and was rather disappointed that the boat looked a little like a windsurfer because of the sails but it didn't "really go fast." I opened my mouth to begin to explain the difference between a displacement fixed mast sailboat and a planing windsurfer and that the boat was running quickly and efficiently within its hull length limits on very tiny sail area, but I realized from his demeanor that he wasn't a boat guy and probably wouldn't follow the science.

Unfortunately I also realized at the same moment that a part of me would, in fact, like it to go really fast and I felt a little pang of regret that I had moved away from the higher performance path in order to get the stable, more relaxing design I was now sailing. Ah, you can't have it all. Design it for one thing and you have to compromise on others. But I ignored the doubts and explained to myself that this was a great little boat and I would really have to tear it up designwise to get something significantly faster.

Things went well for a few days until I happened to be talking to my brother-in-law Geoff who is an excellent windsurfer, although he is over 60 now and sails only

## Renegade

By Steve Curtiss  
curtoid@sbcglobal.net

occasionally. He mentioned taking his board out a few weeks prior and having difficulties making the moves he always used to do (jibing mostly), so the outing was pretty tiring and frustrating for him. One of my goals from many years ago in playing with small sailboats was to design a "more mature guy's" replacement for a windsurfer that had sit down tiller control, fixed mast(s) taking the forces, stability in a decent breeze and hull speed at or near average wind speed. The idea was to get all of that in something small, light and inexpensive that could be transported on a truck rack. Now this conversation with my bro-in-law inserted it back into my brain and, wham, I was back into thinking about it all over again.

What have I learned with the twinsail design that could be applied to get a small, cheap and really fast (read actually planing) fixed mast boat? Slowly sketches and drawings began accumulating around the house. I have mentally explored this area so many times, what chance was there of finding a new combination? At times it was depressingly frustrating, like the guy in the kids' rhyme sitting on the fence, trying to make a dollar out of 15 cents. I have been down lots of these design paths already and know where things dead end. And it only takes one major flaw, that unknown killer flaw of song and story, to derail things even after hundreds of hours of thinking and building, and I had been there quite painfully more than once.

Of course, there are lots of fast boats out on the market as clues, but they generally have major size, cost or performance drawbacks. The WETA trimaran is really a ripper, but it costs \$11,000, weighs 200+ lbs, can tend to pitchpole and needs a trailer to transport it. A Laser is a great boat, but a new one costs about \$6,000, doesn't sail near windspeed, requires major hiking muscles and also needs a trailer. If they could have made these smaller, cheaper and faster they would have.

At last a quick sketch yields an idea. Hmmmmmm... would that actually work? What are the forces on it? Would it be able to carry enough sail to plane but have low wetted area and be stable enough, too? Could I build it without spending an arm and a leg? An arm and two legs? All my body appendages? Is there a sneaky killer flaw in there somewhere? (Unfortunately, just to add a little tension to the story, this last question can't really be answered until the full size prototype is sailed thoroughly in different wind and water conditions.)

Well, as they said in the old TV adventure serials when I was a kid, "we'll find out more in Part 2" when some basic calculations are done and a small experimental scale model is constructed, piloted by our intrepid hero Cardboard Man.

## Part 2: A Design Emerges

After much pondering and re-pondering the subject of how to get a smaller, lighter and faster sailboat, an idea came forward that was related to my experiments with twinsail rigs. I had been using the concept of dividing up the sail area into two equal small sails, thereby

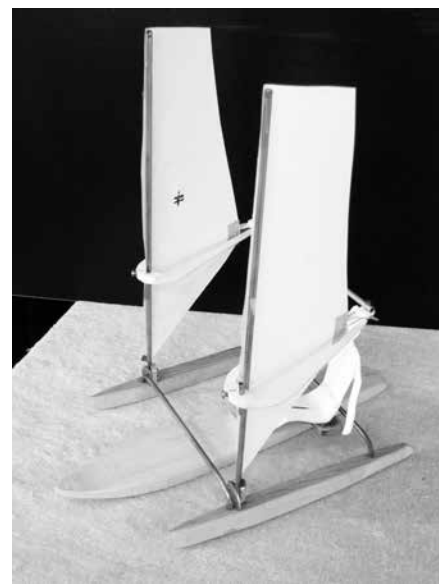
getting roughly the same total drive force as a single sail at about 60% of the height above the deck. This meant that I had less heeling moment and needed less compensation for tipping, allowing a smaller, narrower boat with smaller amas. This kind of design would be lighter and also have much less wetted surface area so it would have a tendency to sail faster and with a low center of effort would tend to resist diving and pitchpoling.

But so far I had only used the twin sails in a fore and aft arrangement on a turnbar that pivoted 180° to tack and jibe. This arrangement was terrific for my kayak but it had limitations if the sail power was to be significantly increased. I was using foldout rods for the "sheets" and this was excellent for low forces but had limited mechanical advantage. As the power and forces go up, most boats use a pulley reduction and a line for the sheet and that would be complicated with the pivoting rig. Also, as the sail power goes up, there would be more force on the turnbar and latch/release mechanism which would almost certainly cause trouble.

I had seen twin sails mounted in a side by side pattern before but quite a distance apart on a few larger multihulls and the Hobie Trifoiler of some years ago. That layout seemed to hold some promise. And I had learned two things over the last few years of practical experiments with double sails: (1) Pairs of windsurfer sails seems to work well together so long as they don't seriously block each other's wind and (2) fast boats are always sailing upwind.

On the first point, the paired sails I had played with seemed to work well at many angles and distances between them, even at times delivering more than the simple sum of the two drive forces, like a jib and a mainsail can do. In the absence of a wind tunnel and a couple of PhD students to experiment for me, I had the very strong hunch that I could make two small (3.5 meter or so) windsurfer sails work well when they were side by side and a medium distance apart, on the order of 6' to 7'. I was even more sure it was possible if the boat was fast enough because fast boats add their considerable hull velocity vector to the wind vector, bringing the apparent wind around substantially forward of the beam.

If you watch a windsurfer or one of the America's Cup cats zip around on a beam reach or broad reach, they have the sail or wing



tucked in close to the boat centerline because their speed has moved the apparent wind way forward. They reach top speed when they are close hauled and hitting the limit of the lift to drag ratio of the sail/wing. So even on a broad reach, fast boats are still going upwind. And that would mean that two sails side by side would see the apparent wind coming from way forward and would not block each other. That's the theory anyway.

So I decided the best combination would be the following elements: a) two 3.5m wind-surfing sails side by side on fixed masts totaling 7m of sail area, enough to fully power a small boat; b) a center hull that was very light with a bottom shape designed for full planing; c) two lightweight amas with about 100-130lbs displacement each at about 3' to 3.5' from centerline; and d) a seat for the sailor on the center hull that allowed a mature fellow to be comfy facing forward but also to move his weight 18" out from the centerline.

The model shows this basic concept in crude form, including the human factors test pilot Cardboard Man. He looks kind of dorky but it's amazing how much I have learned by putting him into the design and seeing how things fit. And of course in the worst case, if the project ends up going nowhere, I can always use Cardboard Man as a cat toy.

To satisfy some basic questions, I ran some crude numbers to see if the laws of physics might be lenient enough to allow the kind of performance I was looking for. The heeling moments on the boat at full wind speed are roughly 74lbs at 6.6' up from the

water surface (from 74sf total sail area) and about 74lbs at 1' below the surface (from the daggerboard), making a total heeling moment of 488ft-lbs plus 74ft-lbs, or about 562ft-lbs altogether. The maximum restoring moments on the boat would be roughly 130lbs at 3.2' from centerline (one ama submerged), 20lbs at 3.2' (the other ama up in the air), 90lbs at .5' from center (submerged portion of the center hull), and 170lbs at 1.5' (my weight at 18" off center) for a total of 780ft-lbs.

So if the sailor moves correctly, the boat would be pretty stable. It would require more movement than sitting on centerline in a kayak, but less than shifting across the boat like in a dinghy or out onto the trampoline like many multihulls. As a request from my chiropractor, it would not require hiking out or trapezing which look like a lot more fun than they really are.

As far as performance goes, the wetted area of the boat riding on main hull and one ama would be roughly 2sf, so the ratio of sail area to wetted area would be 74/22 or about 3.4. In my experience that suggests a potential for speed, as a Laser sailboat is only about 2.3 and a Hobie Adventure Island trimaran is about 2.1.

So, on a basis of rough numbers and CAD design (that's Cardboard Aided Design at this point) things were looking possible. And the design wouldn't require a vang, a cunningham, shrouds, stays, a main halyard, a jib, a jib sheet, a jib halyard, a jib furler, a traveler, a traveler adjuster, a tiller extension, hiking straps, trapeze lines, trapeze har-

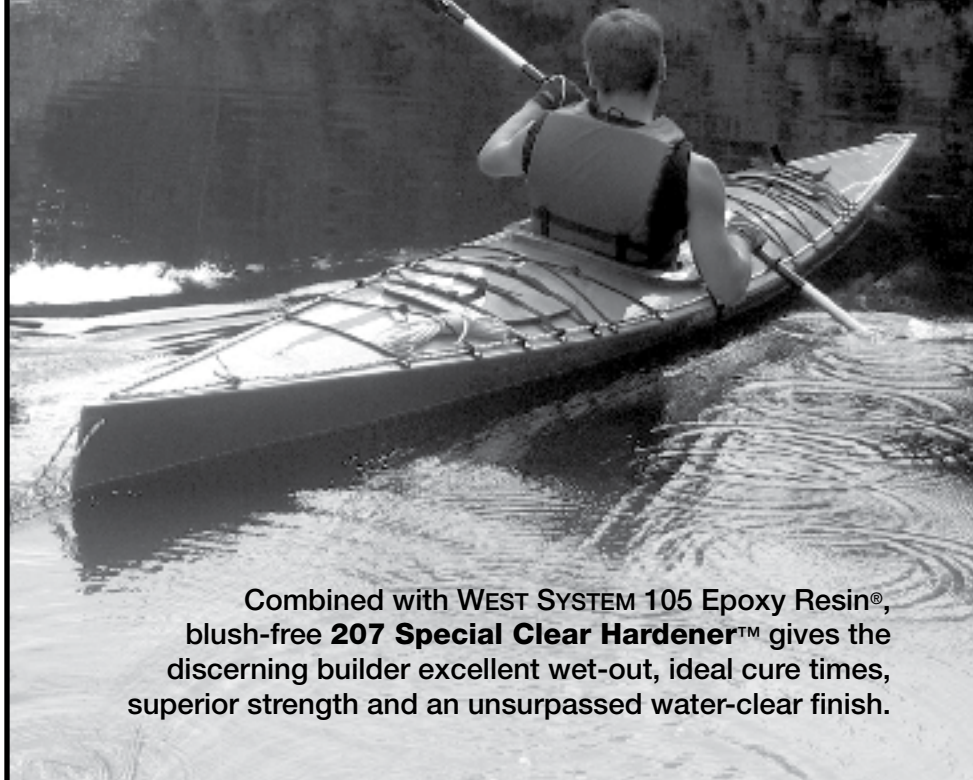
nesses, a spinnaker, spinnaker control lines, a spinnaker pole or a bowsprit. I hope that's not too much of a disappointment to those folks who like to sail high performance dinghies and skiffs where the cockpit has more lines than you can shake a PFD at.

I could, however, hear faint giggling in the background as Murphy was preparing a list of potential problems that could pop up like complexity, weight, sheet forces, downwind issues, burying amas, hobby horsing, etc. And, of course, that's not mentioning my all time personal favorite for messing things up after it's all put together, resonance. The wind, water, humans and boat parts all like to move around and when they get on the same beat together, things can get squirrely.

One of the best examples of that is Dutch Roll, where the natural frequency of the boat rolling is roughly the same as the frequency of the boom swinging back and forth. Going downwind, the boat rolls, the boom swings, the boat rolls the other way, the boom swings HARDER the other way and pretty soon the forces build up to break the mast. I had Dutch roll effects on a prototype a few years back, and it made for some exciting sailing until I was fortunate enough to find some things I could change to fix it.

But then as the saying goes, nothing ventured... ah... no more new parts in the garage to play with. The next step would be to figure how to find some cheap, usable components and get more specific about how it would all go together. To be continued...

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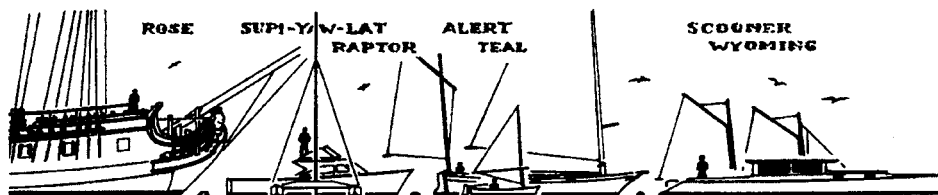


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It would not be difficult to argue that Phil likely produced more cat yawl rigged boat designs than anyone before or since. And working with him it would be near inevitable that a fair number of cruising designs that might be more mine than his would still near reflexively often first show this geometry. So it is appropriate to show alternatives.

Over the last two issues of *MAIB* with AS-40 we saw a cat schooner a.k.a. Periauger, which Phil and I preferred in lieu of what could have been yet another cat yawl silhouette. The claimed justifications for that perhaps unexpected rig were put forward for consideration, including the fair degree of simplification for significant power and yet controllability, fairly vital for cruising purposes. Even with more mast height and yet one more batten to control the additional sail area, that simplification remains and all without bowsprits forward or boomkins aft.

So, here in this short piece, two more examples of such simplification in construction and daily tending the rig. And a minor gesture to tastes currently prevalent.

For “conventionally minded yachtsmen” (now there’s a loaded sequence of words!?) anything but a sloop-ish looking rig can already be a challenge. Then add free-standing masts, the aforementioned sticks and strings sticking out aft (if not forward as well), perhaps no jib “where it belongs” and the idea that a mast preferably should be folded to flat horizontal to either shoot bridges or just check that radio antenna connection and the masthead light. Casually and repeatedly add the term “on deck masthead

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

### Bolger’s Apparent Preference for Cat Yawls (Or Not?!)

work” and quite a few otherwise predictable folks might show signs of, well, you know.

Of course Phil, and later we, had built that growing list of what he/we deemed desirable attributes on a fair amount of study of history, some personal experience, thought and feedback from clients. It may thus be unavoidable that even a “sloop looking” geometry may still carry a range of such structural and functional details.

Two near self explanatory examples:

1) The early excerpt of work on as yet incomplete Design #676 AS-34 featured in *MAIB* of January 2011, pp46-8 and 2) a concept study for a trailer cruiser for 2+ called Wandervogel and discussed in *MAIB* of March 2011, pp48-9. In both cases the identical mainmast was moved aft to a structurally suitable location.

With a modern gaff sloop AS-34 would be built without the quite distinct looking mizzen tabernacle structure, without boomkin to sheet the mizzen to and without the balanced club jib and its own A-frame type bowsprit to support it way ahead of the mainmast close to her stem. Instead, we’d trade some sail area on the same mast height, going from about 870 on the yawl to 765 on the

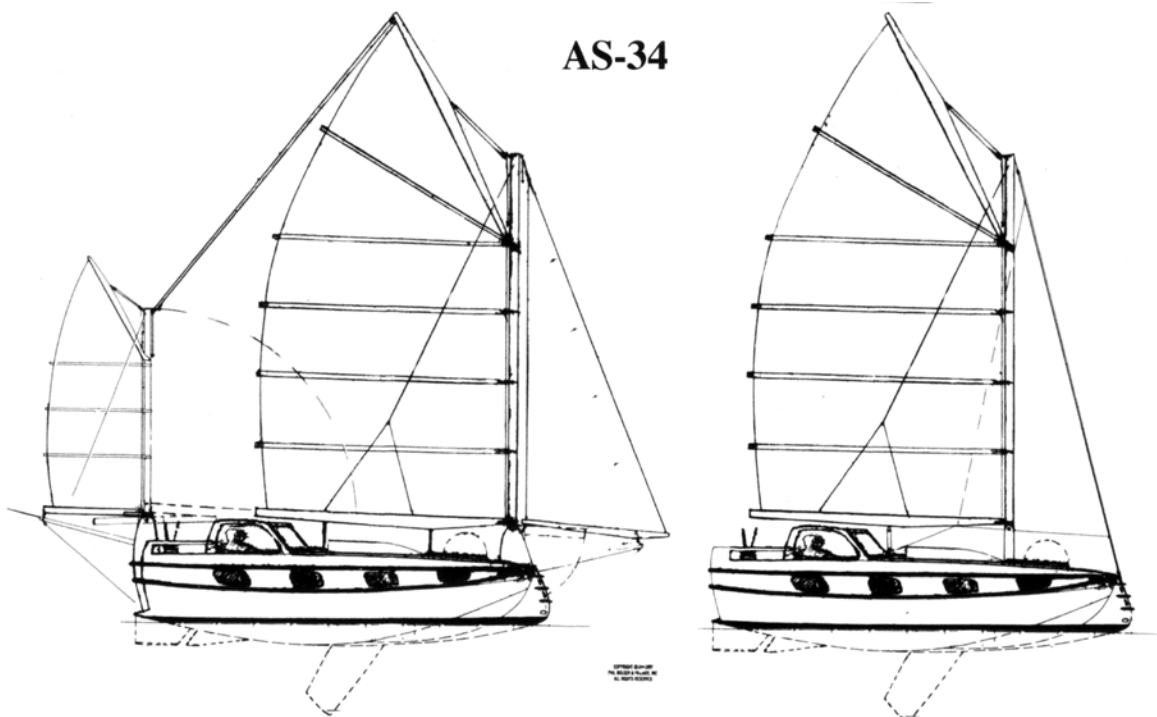
sloop, with hopes that the much vaunted slot-effect between the deck mounted jib and her mainsail would cover some of that loss. We’d still have the tabernacle, but would have to pull the pivot pin and slide the mast forward between the tabernacle cheeks to do on deck masthead work. Her interior could remain almost the same.

Reusing that odd boom vang boom on Wandervogel, but adding a normal jib “where it belongs,” we’re actually gaining a modest bit of sail area going from 362 to 373, plus the slot effect. And again no need to build a mizzenmast nor its tabernacle or boomkin, etc.

The initial idea of the cat yawl in smaller and larger hulls was the notion of decent balancing options across a range of reefs and points of sail. To actually conclusively determine the best configuration on these two hulls would take building both with both mainmast supports and then move the stick and add jib as desired, while keep mizzen stuff in storage. Personally, I’d like to do Wandervogel.

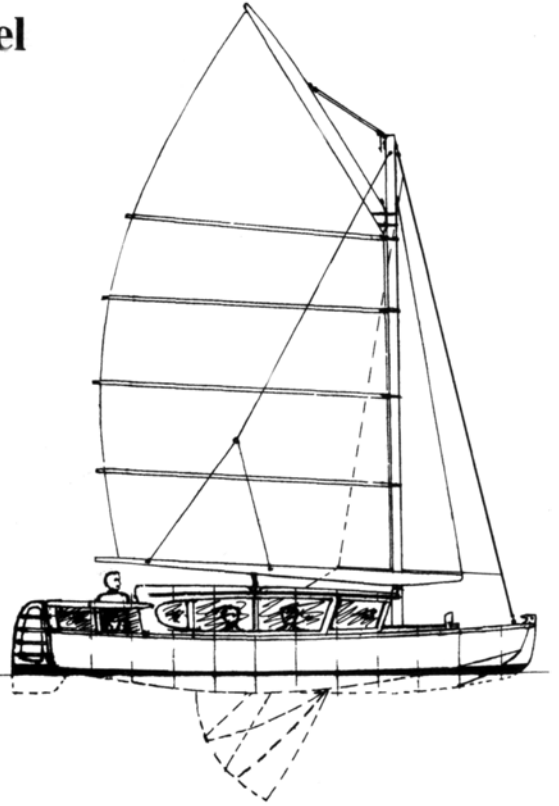
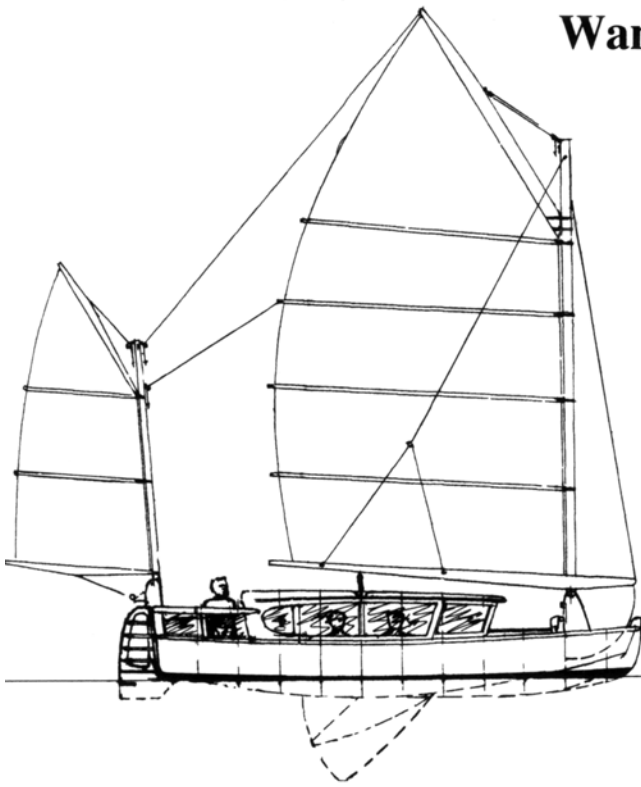
Of course, that first paragraph up on top is just a setup for what followed. It does, however, ring hollow to those who have noticed how many of the rigs Phil discussed in his *100 Small Boat Rigs* (first published in 1984) he actually employed to drive his sailing and motor sailing designs. He was not exactly typecasting himself with cat yawls since he used well over 50 of those 100 rigs. Still, the cat yawl may indeed be most represented, likely followed up close by the spritboom leg-o-mutton rig so many of his day boats received.

AS-34





# Wandervogel



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### March 2013

I've started again! Temperature was up to 50° today and time to get out the Tyvek suit and the old sander/grinder. With a #60 grit sanding disc backed by a rubber flexible plate, this is a mean piece of equipment. It's great for leveling and truing the boat's surface. Coupled with my electric planer I was able to sand and plane the starboard side. Upon doing this I found various spots that needed additional epoxy so I applied that on Monday, April 1, filling the gaps and holes that showed. Based on the number of sanding discs that I would need to completely sand the boat's hull, I decided to order my sanding discs and sandpaper from a wholesale company that I use for my woodworking business. The company is Supergrit Abrasives Red Hill Corp. [www.supergrit.com](http://www.supergrit.com) in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.



### April 2013

This month I sanded both the port and starboard sides of the hull to smooth out the hull's contours and to make fair curves from the garboard to the sheer and from the stem to the stern. As I sanded the hull I found that there were hollow areas that needed to be faired with additional epoxy and filler. As my micro balloon canister started to empty and I looked into the amount of additional micro balloons I would need to order, I wondered if there was a less costly alternative to West System micro balloons.

So I started to experiment with sawdust but found that sawdust was very coarse and hard to sand. Then one day I happened to be at my local sawmill and found that they had a 25" stationary sander that exhausted the sanding dust into a separate bin. I now had about three gallons of stationary sander dust/fibers that worked great as an epoxy filler and I started using these to fair out the hollows in the boat's hull.

I spent a total of nine hours fairing out the hull. Once the fairing process was completed it was time to order the fiberglass, epoxy resin and hardener. I ordered 25 yards of 6oz fiberglass, 4.35 gallons of West System 105 resin and one gallon of West System 206 C slow hardener and a West System 300 mini pump set. My reasoning was that I would have sufficient fiberglass and epoxy to complete the exterior and interior of the boat

## Melonseed Sailboat Build

### Part III

By Don Kerr  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River  
Chapter TSCA

and take advantage of Jamestown Distributor's pricing and free shipping.



### May 2013

On May 5 I started to fiberglass the port side of the hull. I spread out the fiberglass along the hull's length with the top edge aligned with the keel line. I found that I needed to weigh down the fiberglass so that it wouldn't slip off the hull, but guess what, the weights slipped so I attached the fiberglass edge with yellow painter's tape. The yellow tape is for gentle surfaces and doesn't have as much sticky backing as the blue tape. Likewise I used squeeze clamps to maintain the fiberglass along the hull's sheer. I then trimmed the fiberglass along the sheer's edge to within 2" of the sheer. I found that I needed to use 60 "squirts" of the epoxy resin/hardener to completely fill the fiberglass.

Out of curiosity I wanted to determine the amount of epoxy used and determined that 60 "squirts" of epoxy resin equals 60oz of resin or 3.75 quarts and 30oz of hardener or 1.875 quarts. Therefore, based on these measurements it took 7.5 quarts of resin and 3.75 quarts of hardener to completely fiberglass the hull, plus I used 32" of fiberglass.

At the start of the fiberglassing I used 4" foam rollers but found that these left too many little air bubbles so I stopped using them and used one of those throwaway china bristle paint brushes. I found that the

4" brushes worked great as I was able to work the epoxy into the fiberglass weave and create both a completely absorbed and smooth finish.

Once the epoxy hardened I left the hull alone for two days, then I removed the "epoxy blush" by lightly sanding the fiberglass and wiping it with denatured alcohol. Then over the next few days I applied an additional coat of epoxy to the entire hull to both fill in any gaps and to even out the surface. To achieve a smooth epoxy coating on the hull I sanded it with #80 grit sandpaper on a 5" orbital sander. Over the course of two days it took 3.5 hours to sand the hull.



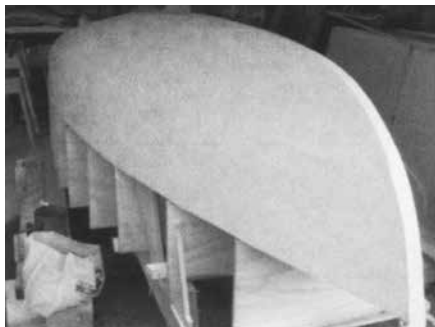
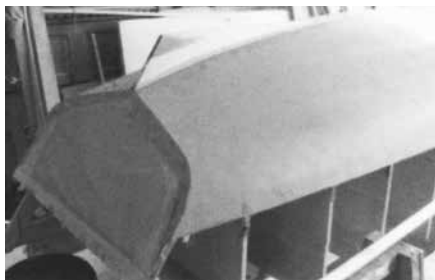


I decided that I would use Interlux paint as the final top coat for both the exterior and interior of the boat. With this in mind, I contacted the technical advisors at Jamestown Distributors and asked them what type of primer I should use. After telling them about the boat's construction they suggested that I use Interlux 2000E Perfection for the primer. Well, this is a two-part epoxy primer with a large amount of micro balloons in the paint with a strong solvent based smell. Wearing my carbon filter respirator was required and I didn't smell anything during the whole process.

### June 2013

On June 9 I applied the first coat of Interlux 2000E Perfection primer to the hull. Upon opening the primer I found that the solution was very heavy and needed to be stirred with my power stirring attachment that I have for my portable electric drill. Once I got this going the solution became more workable and I then transferred the required amount of resin to a separate container and then added the epoxy primer hardener to the resin. The ratio was three parts of resin to one part hardener. The first coat went on extremely well but I made one mistake, I used a 4" foam roller and the roller melted after I finished one side of the hull. I then switched to a mohair roller and that worked great.

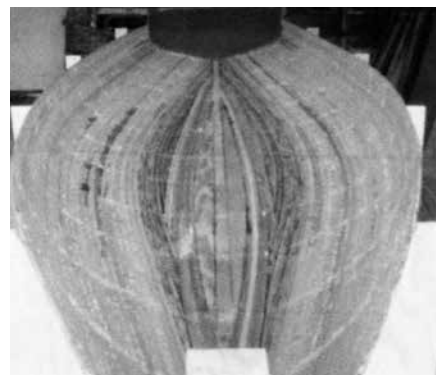
The primer's instructions did not include what type of solvent to use for cleanup so I used the trial and error method and found that Xylo worked the best. As with all solvent based rags, I separated all of them and let them dry while hanging around the job overnight. There was no way that the roller could be saved so I let it dry also. I then let the epoxy primer sit for two days and then I applied the second and final coat of primer. The result was a hard smooth hull.



On June 16 I started making the reverse molds that will hold the boat once it is turned over. After some staring at the boat and thinking what would make sense I concluded that I'd have a reverse mold at stations #2, #5, #8 and #11. Each of these molds has about 46" between them and I thought that 4" would be a good height for the molds above the base or keel. Fortunately I had kept the plywood patterns for the inside station molds and I therefore just needed to lay these lines out on some 3/4" plywood and cut out the reverse molds. The molds are a bit off but I'll fill the gaps, add 2"x4"s to each mold's base line and then add old carpet to the inside edges. I wouldn't want the boat's hull to lie on plain plywood as it needs a comfy seat.



June 29 my wife Babs had a surprise birthday party for me. It was one of those birthdays that have a zero as a second digit. She had invited some of my boat building buddies and their wives to come over and have hamburgers, hot dogs, some cold beverages and lots of chocolate cake. After everyone had a few cold beverages and a hamburger or two it was time to look at the Melonseed's progress. On seeing that many of the boat's building forms had been removed someone said, "I'll bet Don wants us to turn the boat over!" That's all it took and over it went and then it was placed on the new reverse forms that I made.



### About Our Delaware River Chapter TSCA

The Chapter meets the first Tuesday of each month at the Red Dragon Canoe Club, Edgewater Park, NJ. The meetings are open to all. Anyone wanting information should contact Frank Stauss at [fstauss@verizon.net](mailto:fstauss@verizon.net).

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Using DeWalt radial arm saw to trim 5/16" for the edges of the 2"x4"s. I set up outside because I didn't know how well these old blowers would work and I hadn't modified my bag to fit the outlet yet. Turns out fines get through the bag. I subsequently set up in the garage with the bag outside and that worked great. Ordinary 2"x4"s have rounded edges and I wanted to start from square. Flattening the ripped edges introduced much complication for edge-glued panels



Gluing up bench tops. I thought I paid enough attention to gluing up flat, but later I learned differently. Please ignore crappy bandsaw in background.



A look at the lumber. Doug fir.



Flattening a top. Clamping a board to the side of the top to hold it against the wall made for a firm planing situation.

Trimming a top.



# What a Guy Does Having Been Benchless for 30 Years

By John Bailey

**(Editor Comments:** Friend John is not a boat guy, but after moving from a slab house into a new home with an enormous spacious basement he just hadda get setup at long last with a workshop. Herewith the beginnings of that setup:)



Glued up panels.



Flattening and smoothing, making shavings.



Tops skirts and well flattened and trimmed. Taking a bit of twist out of a top requires a deep breath, a good radio station, and a beer.

Leg parts on tops in their eventual orientation. All of the leg joinery is happening comfortably on the right front. Planing also wants to happen there. But I can't put two vises on that corner.



A fitting of leg parts with diagonal stick. The diagonal stick is two slender pointed sticks held by rubber bands. To allow adjustment, the bands wrap around a bushing of old milk carton.

You can get a decent workout flattening and smoothing. It is much slower going than in the videos. If you choose to bleed on your project, choose a high spot that will subsequently be planed off. When smoothing for glue-ups, take it easy. Aggression makes the surface worse. Mark everything. Check your marking. Pick up a part and check the marking. Check it against where you think it's supposed to go. Check the markings on those parts, too. Repeat. Repeat again, and only then put hand on saw. By the time you've done the legs, those beautiful planed tops will look well used. So by the time the bench is complete, it's a used bench. Saws owned by long-gone craftsmen are really terrific.



This is a housing for the top of the leg frames to fit into the skirts. This is the last time you'll see what I thought of as the pretty side of this board, as I managed to rout the pretty sides, which are now buried in the underside of the bench. I think I mentioned how you should mark everything, check the marks, could check them, etc? Well...

Here's glue-up for the lower stretcher. I was surprised how square these things came out due to the square layout of the joints. No persuasion necessary.







Here's a view of the top of the leg frame in the skirt housing with a 1:7 oak wedge holding it together. These things lock firmly. I'm thinking 1:8 may work even better.



Gluing skirts to tops, ugly sides out. Next time remember to sink a couple screws into the legs so that a nicely timed knock on the structure doesn't send the thing crashing in a folded mess to the floor, with freshly glued edges ready for clamping splayed on top.



Trimming the center tool-well board to fit.



Positioning a couple of Record-copy vises for mounting. I dunno. I just ended up with more vises than I need. But since I'm not really sure where I want them, extra may not be bad. For instance, the vise on the right will let me crosscut with the waste falling to the right, the way I grew up using a vise.



And finished, with a Wilton on the left end.

This bench is 38" high, a recommended height. It seems high, but I'll let it soak in for a while. It may feel better with use. And if not, legs shorten more easily than lengthen.

Is there any energy left for projects?



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### Fast and Easy Spar Varnishing

Here's how you get a hundred coats of varnish on a spar fast and easy. I can't claim credit for this, Simon showed us how to hook a drill to the end of a spar, turn it real slow and gob a whole lot of epoxy on it without having it run. I was refinishing my boom and gaff and decided to give it a try. I put a screw in one end for the drill and just looped a small line around about a foot from the jaw end. I couldn't put a screw in that end because of the wide jaws. I just tied the cordless drill down and put a zip tie around the trigger and slowly clicked it tight till the drill was just barely turning, the slower the better. I wasn't sure it would do it but it turned about one turn every four seconds. Going faster didn't work as well.



Steve had his gloves on and is always up to trying something new. It takes about three ounces of epoxy to coat this 13' boom, he kept brushing it on till we had 15oz on this slowly turning spar. It dried hard with no runs, looks like it's 1/8" thick.

## From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



### Not Us but Something We Need

No, this is not any of us but one of you sent this to me and it does seem like something we'd do; in fact it seems like something we need to do for these horrible hot Florida summer days.



### I'll Take Credit for This, Though...

This one I will take credit for because I've never seen anything about this from any of the rest of you. It's probably the most brilliant idea to come along in years, maybe ever. Everyone knows that running lights are a pain in the butt. The front red and green ones sometimes work but the white one never does. For our size boats it has to be higher and behind the front ones and visible through 360°. We end up with a light on a stick that goes in a hole with power that never works or one with batteries. Well, check this out. A solar powered yard light. I looked around and found one that was extra bright and stays lit for 13 hours. I stuck it in the back of my stack and just leave it there. It charges up all day and comes on at night whether I'm using the boat or not. It will unscrew from its pipe if I want it off or to change it and I never have to worry about power to it. It's my running light and my anchor light all in one. Being here up top it also lights up the area around the boat but doesn't shine into the windows. I got this one for \$8 at Lowes.



### Perfect Spot for Sweet Pea

Judy Blue Eyes from Charleston bought *Sweet Pea* from Howard and is making it her own. She's sanding and varnishing the brightwork, had the wheel replaced with a tiller and a lot of other things. She's going to end up with the prettiest boat in a marina that's full of big expensive plastic power boats. *Sweet Pea* is a Fenwick Williams 18 catboat that Howard modified a little by raising the cabin 6" so it would have sitting headroom. Judy got a perfect spot to keep her, right in a corner with fenders on both sides so she can crash in when the strong current is running. Look closely at what's way over to the left in front of her, it's an aircraft carrier.



We also increased her sail area with a high gaff sail so she would go in a light breeze and could be easily reefed in a blow. Just the sight of her here makes me sigh. *Sweet Pea* was on the cover of *Messing About In Boats* once.



### Steamboats...You'll Get Over Them

Milton sent this picture that he got from a friend. It's a model of a fantail steamboat. I know that half of you out there just like me have a thing for steam launches. Go on to Net Flicks and watch *African Queen* again and you'll get over it. They're hot and dangerous and take a long time to crank up.

### Full Rebuild for Chelsea

You all should know by now that Crazy Steve is a useless slug, all he does is sit in front of his fan and drink vodka all day. Well, the super fine launch that he stole from Howard and me finally needed some work and he was shamed into doing something about it. He ended up doing a full rebuild on *Chelsea* and bitched about it the whole time; something about what happened to the lifetime guarantee we promised him when he bought the thing. Being in the company of insurance and used car salesmen he didn't stand a chance with that one. Our advice was to get off his ass and grab a sander



Steve took these pictures of her bottom to show why the Whitehalls were such great boats. Once you get them moving they don't want to stop. I've told you about how much trouble we had getting her to slow down, this is why.



This one is the Howard Chapelle 16 that ended up being 17' long. They don't make very good sailboats, probably because of the narrow bottom profile that makes them such good rowboats. I told him that I'm going to build one of these but longer, maybe 22' or so to get more room and added hull speed. I'm thinking about adding an extra 5' and putting

the air-cooled lawnmower engine in the middle with all of the heat and noise going up a stack so it'll look like a steam engine. I'm sure some of the engineer type guys around here can figure out how to get the power back to the lower unit in the back. (I can see the gears going around in some of your heads right now).



Here's *Chelsea* out of his shop. She came out good as new. This boat never stops amazing us; the lawnmower engine always starts instantly and never gives any trouble. I suppose after building a billion of the things Briggs & Stratton have it pretty much figured out. This one's been sitting in or around salt water for about five years and there's no rust anywhere on it. Steve said that he wasn't going to do it but he did refinish all of the mahogany bright work. This boat stays out in the sun all the time so it may all get painted with house paint next time around. That's what happens to all of the boats around here eventually.



Steve loves commuting to and from work with his dogs. I suppose it's good to know that someone gets to do this. The pay here at the Boatworks really sucks but the benefits are to die for.

### Paul's Tugboat About Finished

Paul has about finished his scale tugboat. This boat has a big motor and battery to run it and pull a big heavy barge.



He launched his tug for it's sea trial and it didn't sink. He still has work to do on the interior but was more than happy with the performance. Keep in mind that the tug is about 4' long.



He ran it for over an hour and says that it'll have no problem pulling him in his kayak. That's my kind of boating, just sitting there letting the tug do the work.



It's really heavy, about 400lbs, so he needs a trailer to move it. He still has the interior cabin detail to do but it'll be fun to see in the water.



This stack really does look like a grubby old tugboat.





### Simon's Mega

You've heard me say a thousand times, "don't let the hull keep you from building your boat". The hull seems like such a big deal that many of you get bogged down in the details and never get on with it. Hulls are simple and don't have to be perfect unless you're building a museum piece. You don't even have to build your own hull if really want to get on with it. There are thousands of boats of all sizes out there looking for homes. You can usually get one for free if it's in really bad shape but since it's only the hull you're looking for the rest doesn't matter.

Here's a perfect example of what I'm talking about. Our buddy Simon is ready to move up to a larger boat for his family. He's an expert builder and could build the whole thing but why spend lots of money and time on the hull when he could get this one for practically nothing. C&C built these boats with what they hoped would be all the bells and whistles for racing. It has a lifting keel, jet plane looking cockpit, wide easy to move around on deck, nothing Simon wants. He wants a traditional looking ketch rigged boat with shallow draft, a really efficient hull and a comfortable weekender. So as you look at these pictures imagine the sides cut off just above the orange line, the drop keel dropped all the way out and everything gutted down to the bare hull, which is very well made of

solid glass. He'll end up with a great 30' boat that he can trailer anywhere he wants to go.

There's no telling what this boat cost new but it's typical of what's sitting out there that someone has to get rid of. Don't look at it as what it used to be but what you could make it into if you started with just the hull. It's not the same as building the whole thing yourself but when you get into boats of this size you're probably not doing it to hone your skills as a woodworker or see what a beautiful boat you can build; you probably just want a good size boat you can use and not take forever getting it finished. You just cut up everything you don't want and take it to the dump or save nice big flat pieces for use as building material. Why reinvent the wheel when they're all over the place?



I parked the 16' melonseed here to compare the size difference. If I had this hull I might be tempted to build another powerboat like *Helen Marie*. It would be a lot roomier to go cruising in.

So why is this beauty pushed back in the woods at my house you ask. Simon's not ready to start on this project yet and neighbors sometime get annoyed with big old boats sitting out in your yard. I have a really big yard and can't even see my neighbors and I'm hoping that Simon changes his mind about this effort and gives the hull to me some day. Fat Chance!



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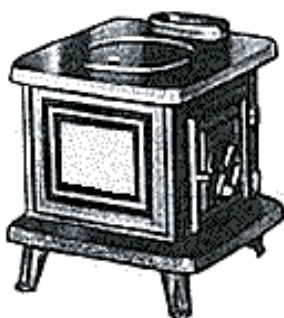
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## Oars

Armstrong two-stroke engine, ash breeze, or whatever you choose to call them, oars are the simplest, least expensive and most reliable way to move your boat. For exploring protected waters, nothing beats the peace and quiet and simplicity of rowing or paddling. There's no noisy, smoking motor requiring feeding and no rigging to tend. And as a bonus, rowing provides a great workout. The only downside is that your view is always astern and sometimes you run into things.

Incidentally, the best way to hold a course while facing backwards is to line up two objects behind you and keep them lined up while you're rowing. This doesn't take into account current and wind drift, so you need to look forward from time to time to check and adjust your bearings. The obvious solution to this dilemma is to take someone along to share in the fun and trade off the rowing chores

### Oar Length

If your oars are too short they can't provide enough power, but if they're too long fatigue becomes a factor. To match oar length to boat size, I use this oar length formula: Measure the width of the boat between oarlock sockets. Divide this number by 2, then add 2". Divide the result by 7, then multiply by 25. The result is the length of oar in inches. Divide by 12 to get the length in feet.

This is a good guide but it sometimes calls for oars too long for my preference. In general, I like 7½' oars for most of my boats. For boats over approximately 5' beam I like oars in the 8½'-9' range.

### Make Your Own

Commercially available oars, besides being expensive, tend to be clunky and blade-heavy which can make rowing of any distance a real chore. Oars are not at all hard to make and are well worth the effort, especially if you want them well balanced. To minimize fatigue I prefer the lightest possible oars and, for this, clear, straight grained Sitka spruce is the very best choice. Douglas fir is somewhat heavier and tougher but a good choice for all around use. Oars for heavy duty use, including whitewater, are often made of ash.

The oarlock area is normally protected from wear by an 8" wide wrapping of heavy

## Propulsion

Oars & Paddles

By Warren Jordan

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leather held in place by copper tacks or lacing. Alternately, you can wind this area with heavy duty synthetic twine. A ring of leather or rubber, called a button, is added above the oar leather to keep the oar from sliding out through the oarlock. Included here are drawings for two sizes of my favorite style of oars. They feature a heavier, eight sided inboard part that acts as a counterbalance for the longer outboard portion.

### Oarlocks

The first oarlocks were just wooden dowels (thole pins) stuck in the top of the sheer and are still sometimes used in "character" boats. The modern equivalent is the cast metal oarlock. They are just about indestructible and are available everywhere. Oarlocks come in variations of two basic patterns, the closed ring style and the open horn style.

#### Closed Ring Oarlock

The closed ring type is captive on the oar so it can't be lost unless you also lose the oar (a situation you should try to avoid, especially when negotiating a nasty whitewater run). The main drawback with the ring style oarlock is that when the oar is unshipped, the oarlock flops around on the shaft and can damage the wood.

#### Open Horn Oarlock

Open horn style oarlocks stay in position in the sockets and the oars are simply lifted out for unshipping. I prefer this style because I often use an oar as a push pole for shallow water work and I don't like a hunk of hardware flopping around on it.

### Safety Lanyard

It's easy to lose an oarlock overboard if it's not secured in some way. This problem is neatly solved by tying one end of a 6" lanyard through the hole in the end of the oarlock pin. The other end is attached to the middle of a brass or wooden toggle. The toggle is dropped through the socket, where it acts as a stop unless physically upended and

inserted up through the bottom of the socket. When not in use, the oarlocks are lifted from the sockets and left to dangle on the inside of the boat from their lanyards, safely out of the way until needed.

### Oarlock Position

It seems that every builder and designer has his own special formula for the correct position of the oarlocks in relation to the rowing thwart, and in many ways that makes sense considering oarsmen come in lots of different sizes. So it's not a bad idea, before permanently attaching the blocks that will hold the oarlock sockets, to clamp them to the gunwales and try them out. A good rule of thumb, however, that works for most applications is: Position oarlock sockets 11" or 12" aft of the aft edge of the rowing thwart, and 7½" above the top of the thwart.

For most of my boats, I specify two oarlock positions. Since boat trim is very important for safety as well as performance, this is simply a convenient way for one oarsman to row the boat under different loading conditions. A boat trimmed heavy to the stern will drag her transom causing excessive resistance, while a boat trimmed bow down will be hard to keep on track and both of these conditions can lead to swamping. Row from the forward position with a single passenger seated in the after thwart. In situations with a lone person or when the boat is big enough for three people, row from the middle position.

### Rowing Notes

Keep your oar blades vertical on the power stroke so they don't dig into, or fly out of the water.

If your oars barely clear the water surface on the recovery stroke there will be less fatigue.

If you "feather" your oars on the recovery stroke by rotating the blades so they are parallel with the water, windage (and fatigue) is reduced.

Long even strokes are usually best. Learn to develop a sustainable cadence for long distance rowing.

A short, quick "dory stroke" works well when conditions are too choppy to take long strokes.

For more efficient or strenuous rowing, foot braces (stretchers) may be installed.

### Sculling

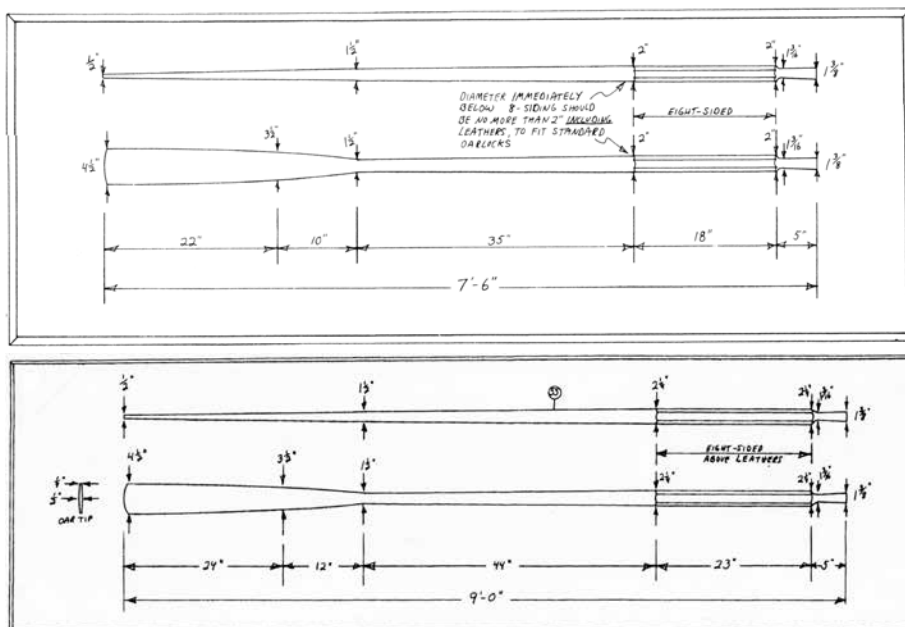
Many small boats, especially those with fairly deep skegs, are particularly well suited for sculling, a technique of propelling a boat with an oar resting in a notch in the transom. The oar is moved from side to side, with the blade held at a slight angle to the water. Though not nearly as efficient as rowing, sculling is good for maneuvering in tight spots that are too narrow for oars or for sneaking up on wildlife.

### Paddles

The single or double paddle is the usual method of propulsion for canoes and kayaks. Paddling allows you to face the direction you are traveling, which is especially nice when wildlife watching or exploring narrow waters. The double paddle is an extremely efficient way to propel a kayak or canoe, but unless it is a two piece, breakdown model its length can make it awkward to stow or transport. You can find canoe paddles at most sporting goods stores and double paddles are available through most canoe and kayak outfitters.

### Paddle Length

A good rule of thumb for determining canoe paddle length is to measure from the floor to the chin for the bow paddle and from the floor to the nose for the stern paddle.



Our Editor received a communication from a gentleman who had found a boat in his family's barn that needed a good deal of work to be finished. Unfortunately, the family member championing the effort passed away before it could be completed. The correspondent thought that the boat might be a Sisu 26 and the Editor forwarded the information (including photos) to me as I own a Sisu 26.

Review of the photos determined that the boat might be the outboard motor version of a Sisu 22. I sent the person who made the inquiry the information needed to determine if the boat was a Sisu, including the alpha code for Sisu boats in the Coast Guard's hull identification code and the note that the last alpha character and the following three numbers in the vessel identification code should be the month and year of construction.

Recreational vessels built prior to 1973 were not required to have a manufacturer's hull identification number (HIN) as a permanent part of the hull. Any boat built since then is supposed to have an identification code engraved/stamped in the upper starboard corner of the boat's transom. The vessel HIN is different from the documentation number issued by the Coast Guard.

If you want to know who built your boat, one source is: <http://www.uscgboating.org/recalls/mic1.aspx> and enter the three character code at the beginning of the HIN. You will find an entry with a name and address. There is no guarantee that the firm is still in business, but you have a starting point for further research. Oh yes, you may find the hull identification number, called the vessel identification number or some other term depending on your source of information.

If you have a documented vessel and the HIN is no longer readable, you can query the documentation database at: <http://www.st.nmfs.noaa.gov/st1/CoastGuard/Vessel-ByID.html> by entering the official documentation number. If you want more than what appears on the search screen, you need to contact the documentation office.

The August, 2013, issue of *Soundings* has an interesting article starting on page 16 concerning what is a Coast Guard "approved" anchor light on a vessel at night. According to the article, the person involved was using a solar powered/battery "garden"



light and was cited for not using a Coast Guard approved light.

According to the report, it seems the light meets the requirement and the legal discussion revolves around how a battery powered "garden light" fits the navigation light definition in 22 CFR 84.21 rules for battery powered lights. These lights do not require Coast Guard approval as long as the visibility requirement for the use of such a light is met.

Visibility depends on the bulb, the electrical source and the atmospheric conditions. There is also the problem of seeing a boat's navigational lights when there is a "cluttered background" of shore lights and the like. While looking into just what is "approved" by the Coast Guard, I found an interesting publication at: [http://www.uscgboating.org/assets/1/workflow\\_staging/Publications/420.PDF](http://www.uscgboating.org/assets/1/workflow_staging/Publications/420.PDF). The publication is entitled *A Boater's Guide to Federal Regulations for Recreational Boats and Safety Tips*.

Once a year the Apalachee Bay Yacht Club offers a basic sailing class for any adult interested. It is a weekend course starting on Saturday morning and ending Sunday afternoon. The course presents information on basic terminology, knots and sail theory. The students are then taken out sailing on boats in the 22' to 24' range that are controlled by tillers.

There are larger boats in the Club with steering wheels, but we have found that the "feel" of the tiller with the wind acting on the sails does more to instill the basics than using a wheel for steering. This year we had to scramble to get enough boats/skippers to accommodate 27 students. The boats/skippers were committed and the weather that weekend was perfect. Light winds, medium seas, sunshine and all those pieces that make sailing enjoyable.

We also offer a "camp" for youth sailing, but it is a little more involved and commits

kids, parents, boats and logistic support for five days (Monday-Friday). There was one "taker" this year and we are considering scaling back to the weekend approach the next time the course is offered. Both approaches introduce people to the joy of sailing and now and then the Club gets a new member or two out of the deal. For one thing, the Club owns a couple of sailboats that are available to members, and once these students realize the joy of sailing we hope to get them to join and sail the Club's boats.

When the Tallahassee Power Squadron was active, we would take those interested who attended our public boating course classes out on the water in members' boats after the formal classes were completed. We used the St Marks River as the cruising grounds and let everyone take a turn operating the boat.

Along the way we showed them the various navigation aids that had been discussed in class (we have floating, fixed, lighted and unlighted navigation aids in the river) and they also received "hands on" instruction on launching/recovering a boat at a ramp and leaving/returning to a dock. Now and then we would get a new member or two for the Squadron.

With both groups, the idea is to get people involved who are interested in more than the theory and to promote the sponsoring organization. It is not an easy effort, but is worth the time and trouble to see people out in boats who might never get involved otherwise.

One of the interesting items to people new to boating is how far a boat will move when the engine is put in neutral or the sails are not drawing. Of course, the larger the boat (more mass and inertia), the further it will "carry" before starting to drift. One of the considerations when anchoring or docking for the boat operator is the carry of the boat.

Part of the carry distance is also the wind and wave considerations. In a sheltered area, the carry will be much further than in an area affected by wind and/or wave. If you spend much time in a harbor area, you will see those who misjudge their boat's carry and either slam into the float/pier or stop just short. The affect of tidal or river current can also add to the complexity. A day at the marina can be an informative investment of time.

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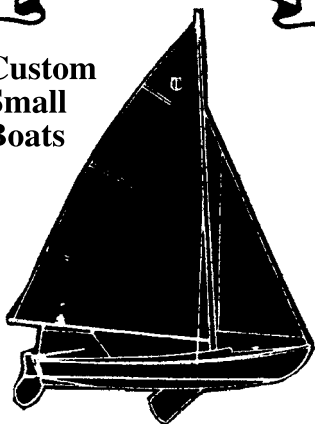
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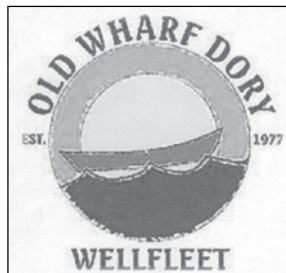
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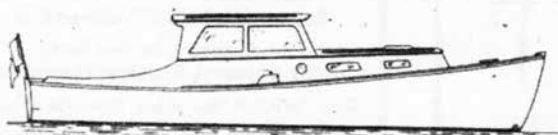
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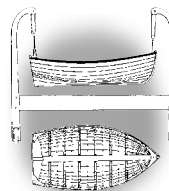
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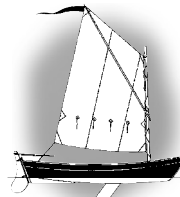
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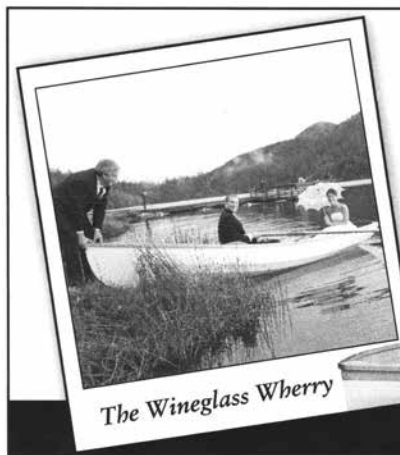
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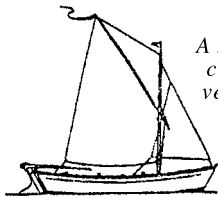


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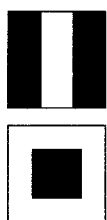
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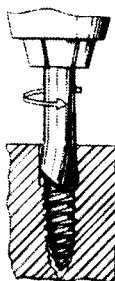
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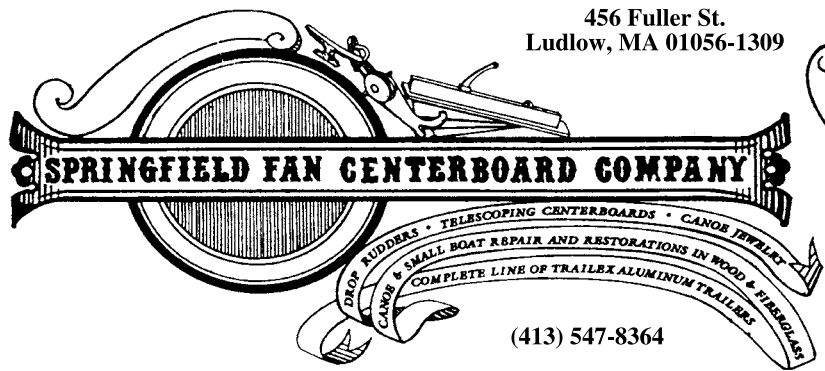
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BOB DRYER, 10464sailor@gmail.com (10)



**Rushton Princess Sailing Canoe**, glass hull in gd cond, Stuart Hopkins Dabbler sail in vy gd cond. Great little sailboat. \$1,050. More photo's available via email.  
STEVE, Crystal River, FL, crbb@gmail.com (11)



**12' Mahogany Yacht Tender**, this beautiful rowboat is a great way to get about on the water and to get some exercise. Guaranteed to get compliments where ever you take it! The design is a Spurling Yacht Tender, as published in John Gardner's book, Building Classic Small Craft. 12' long, 50" wide, weighs about 70lbs. Made from 1/4" okoume mahogany marine plywood w/sapele mahogany for the stem, transom, siderails, keel & skeg. Each individual plank epoxied to the overlapping plank so there it is always sealed up tight. All wood is epoxy coated then varnished 3 coats. For more color pictures, check out my website: kingstonwoodenboats.com. Will deliver within 30 mile radius of Beaufort, NC. \$1,950.  
VIC FASOLINO, Beaufort, NC, (401) 3747564, vifasolino@hotmail.com (11)



**32' Gig**, cold molded, vy fast, vy gd cond, w/oars, trlr & life jackets. Ready to race. \$7,500.  
JOHN MCCOY, New Bedford, MA, (508) 990-0457. (11)

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**56 Thompson 18' Mahogany Wooden Boat**, recently refinished inside & out. Mid-'70s 135hp Mercury runs great. Fun boat, ski, fish, cruise. Not much run time in last 15 years. \$3,400.  
Bozeman, MT, (406) 599-1011. (11)

**Whitehall Rowboat**, 13', 48" beam, about 125-150lbs (never weighed it). FG hull w/wood gunwales & seats. Grt cond. Located in East Lyme, CT. Charming & ideal for harbors & coasts. \$1,900.

GAETON ANDRETTA, Milford, CT, (203) 993-4542, gaeton@optonline.net. (11)

**10 San Francisco Pelican Sailboat**, 12'x6' custom built to original plans w/upgrades. Tabernacle mast for easy rigging. Everything folds down on boom/mast/gallows. '10 Karavan trlr, oars, sail cover, cockpit tent. Small well on transom for o/b. All glassed transom & bottom. Asking \$3,600.  
LARS HASSELGREN, Delavan WI, (262) 728-1974. (11)

**28' Pearson Ariel**, '64, new sails, new cushions, all running gear, heavy duty trlr. Photos sent by Smart phone or email. \$3,000/trade.  
CHARLES CONINE, Green Creek, NJ, (609) 886-8984. (10P)



**14' Jon-B**, '96 Jon boat hull w/major modifications to sailing scow. Road worthy trlr (new wheels & tires), electric trolling motors w/ batteries, oars & life jackets incl. \$2,150 Located in central NJ.  
JAY GOLDMAN, (609) 426-1740, jagoldman19@verizon.net (10)



**24' Sam Rabi Picaroon II**, cutter-rigged sloop pocket cruiser, gently used, built '80, strip-planked mahogany & teak, sound, dry bilge, ready to sail. All she needs is some varnish, cap rail plug replacements & minor mahogany trim work. LOD: 19', beam 8', draws 3.5', displacement 4,000lbs, full keel, full boat cover, electric motor (55lbs thrust) & deep cell marine battery. Keel stepped hollow spruce mast, full keel with 700lbs lead insert. Beautiful interior w/2 6' bunks, working sink, etc. Main, stays'l, 2 jibs, spinnaker, 2 anchors, Richie compass, signal flags, etc. Bad knees & sun allergy forces sale. I've had a ball w/this boat for 29 years, racing & boat shows & just goofing around. She turns heads. Looking for a good home for this girl. Located in San Diego, CA. \$9,500 OBO.  
ANNIE HOLMES, (858) 204-5277, annie-holmes@mac.com (10)



**Chaisson Dory Tender**, 10'0"x3'11-1/2", built to professional standards in '10. Cedar on oak, copper & bronze fastened, fine cond. \$900. **Asa Thompson Skiff**, 11'2"x4'3", built to professional standards, copper & bronze fastened. Fine cond/. \$1,050  
JIM DOOLEY, Marshfield, MA, (781) 834-2979. (10)



**13'4" Boston Whitehall Pulling Boat**, 5/8" mahogany strips over white oak frame. Faithfully (well) built to plans drawn by R.A. Pittaway from the 1900-1920, example in the Mystic Seaport Collection, classic wineglass stern & plumb stem. Finished bright inside & out. Like new aluminum Trail-Lex trlr & rarely used boat offered at \$4,800 obo. Blueprint's & construction notes incl.  
LEWIS TAYLOR, Little Compton, RI, (401) 635-4464 (10)

**76 Mirror Dinghy**, exc cond, 2 part LP paint on hull, interior finished bright. On new trlr, always stored inside. US\$1,149 obo.  
DAVID WATTS, Fayetteville, NY, (315) 622-5093 home; (315) 449-4767 work, dw@twcnv.rr.com (10)



**No Man's Land Boat**, built '12 from Smithsonian plans of 1882 codfishing boat designed by James Beetle of New Bedford, MA. Described in Howard Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft* pages 168-172. 17'9" overall length, 5'10" beam. Cypress strip hull, fiberglassed inside & out. Bright finished mahogany seats. Centerboard. Both hollow masts are fir built birdsmouth fashion. Cat/ketch sprit sails, 72sf main, 31sf mizzen, Dacron from Sailrite in exc cond. 45lb thrust trolling motor & deep cycle battery. 2012 Magic Tilt galv trlr. Featured in Jan/Feb 2013 Issue #79 *Small Craft Advisor*. \$5,995. Video slideshow of construction at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HmD3Vhy2w9U>. - REX PAY NE, Spring Hill, FL, cell (317) 626-1973, [rkpayne96@yahoo.com](mailto:rkpayne96@yahoo.com) (10)

**17-1/2' Swampscott Dory, Price Reduced.** Traditionally built at The Landing School, ME. Riveted pine strakes, removable decking (both painted); oak frames & rails, mahogany top strake, thwarts & transom (all finished bright). 3 thwarts, 3 rowing stations & stern bench locker. Handsome, roomy, extremely stable hull in gd cond. Should be painted & bright work needs varnishing. Incl 2 prs leathered spruce oars (8' Shaw & Tenny and 7' unknown make), custom cushions for thwarts & bench deck & trlr. Located in the St. Lawrence River Valley in northern NY. This boat has enjoyed Lake Champlain & loves the St. Lawrence River; it is a solid ride on any water. \$3,000 PRICE NEGOTIABLE. SCOTT MILLER, Norwood, NY, (315) 384-4746, [112obrienrd@gmail.com](mailto:112obrienrd@gmail.com) (10)

**17' Chestnut Cruiser**, as built by Temagami Canoe Co. New '94. Recanvassed after mishap on the Rupert in '99. Gd shape. Solid tripping canoe. \$1,900. JOHN FISKE, Beverly MA, (978) 921-5220, [johnfiske@comcast.net](mailto:johnfiske@comcast.net). (10)

**15' Mercury Sailboat**, by Cape Cod Ship Building Co. c/b version built in '52. Project boat, but worth the effort w/all original spars & bronze hardware. See: <http://www.capecodshipbuilding.com/site/fleet.php?boat=mercury>. I started restoring boat 2 years ago, but have other sailing needs now. Asking \$500obo. Located in Greenville, ME. For a compl description & photos contact: JOHN LIMMER, Beaver Cove, ME 04441, [jlimmer@newarka.edu](mailto:jlimmer@newarka.edu) (10)

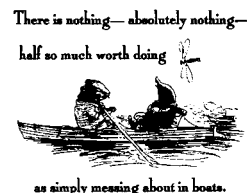
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'98, 6hp O/B, 15" shaft, 2-stroke, looks & runs like new, new 3 gal tank, new hose & connectors, Fulton Marine 1710 transom motor bracket. All items in as new cond. Engine has very few hours, 8 or 10. \$1,000 Photos on request MIKE HOWSLEY, DeRidder, LA, (337) 462-9384, [mhows@ymail.com](mailto:mhows@ymail.com). (11)

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